

Just Publish'd,
The FORTUNATE
COUNTRY MAID,
Being the Entertaining
MEMOIRS
Of the Present Celebrated
Marchioness of L---V---:

Who from a COTTAGE,
Through a great Variety of *Disagreeable Adventures*;
became a Lady of the first Quality in the
COURT of FRANCE,

By her steady Adherence to the Principles of
VIRTUE and HONOUR.

Wherein are display'd
The Various and Vile ARTIFICES employ'd by
Men of Intrigue for seducing *Young Women*.

With suitable REFLECTIONS.

From the *French* of the Chevalier DE MOUHY.

Example draws; where Precept fails;
And Sermons are less read than Tales. PRIOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for F. NEEDHAM, over-against
Grey's-Inn-Gate, in *Holbourn*. 1745.

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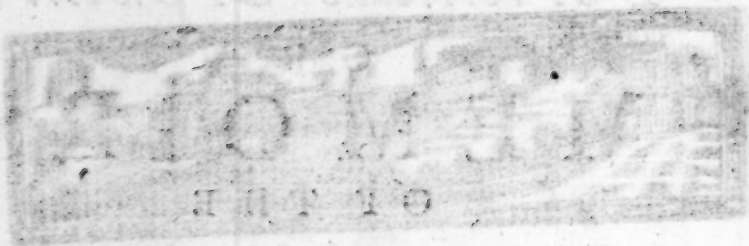
THE
Fortunate Orphan:
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF THE
COUNTESS of *MARLOU.* R

Who, thro' a long Series of uncommon Incidents and Adventures, was, at length, providentially conducted to the Honourable Condition she was entitled to by her most mysterious Birth.

PENN'D by Herself;
AND
Revis'd by the Chevalier de *MOUHY*,
Author of that Celebrated PIECE,
THE
Fortunate *COUNTRY MAID.*

*The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors ;
Our Understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search ;
Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
Nor where the regular Confusion ends.*

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THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
R E A D E R.

 *HAVE punctually fulfill'd the Promise I gave to Madame the Countess de Marlou, not to publish these Memoirs till Ten Years after her Decease. This Lady having happily quitted Provence on the 14th of May, 1720, for some Affairs that regarded her Brothers, and which call'd her*

to Paris; and the Plague having openly appear'd the 9th of July following, it was not in her Power to return to the Place of her Retirement, without exposing herself to evident Danger.

When this dreadful Scourge of Heaven had entirely terminated the Ravage of which we heard such deplorable Relations, the Countess de Marlou had the Misfortune to learn, that the eldest of her Brothers, with his Wife, and his Children, not taking the wise Precaution early to withdraw to their Estate in the Country, were all swept away by the Contagion. The youngest, more fortunate, by passing this Time of publick Calamity with his Family in a magnificent Bastide, which he possess'd about four Leagues from Marseilles, escap'd the Danger. They contributed with great Generosity to the Assistance of the Sick; I have heard from their Sister the Countess, who was a Person of undoubted Probity, that they distributed upon that Occasion above Five Hundred Thousand Crowns in Specie.

I must now inform the Reader, that almost all the Adventures which are here

related, especially those which pass'd in France, are writ under borrow'd Names, excepting that of Bontemps, by which the Countess was brought up, and that is a true one, and was what she always bore both in England and at Paris, till she was acknowledg'd as the Daughter of the Count de Corberon. All the other Names are changed, even those of the Cities, where the principal Scenes of these Memoirs were transacted. Madame de Marlou desir'd it might be so, and only permitted me to make them publick upon that Condition: As to the rest, giving me full Power to throw them into any Form I thought most agreeable.

After the fatal Year 1720, she was in Provence to visit her Family: but, as she felt herself attack'd by a Distemper, which demanded the continual Care of an experienc'd Surgeon; and as she with Justice greatly confided in him under whose Care she then was; and who preserv'd her Life as long as it was possible for Art to do it, she determin'd to fix her Residence in Paris: She liv'd there extreamly retired, in the Exercise of the most solid and real Piety; and at length, after three Months of al-
most

P R E F A C E.

most continual Sufferings, during which she express'd the humblest Patience, and the most perfect Resignation, she dy'd the 9th of February, 1726, at the Age of Sixty-two; and I may say with the strictest Regard to Truth, that I lost in her a Friend of the most amiable Character, the greatest Merit, and whose Death can never be sufficiently regretted by me.



T H E



THE
Fortunate Orphan:
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF THE
COUNTESS OF *MARLOU.*

PART I.



YOU are not satisfied, *Madame*, with the Relation I have at different Times given you of the several Adventures of my Life, and the singular Events which have happen'd in my Family; you exact from me a full Detail of them in
B Writing.

Writing. I am willing to comply with your Request : But it is upon Condition that you make no other Use of them than to satisfy your own Curiosity, till I am no more.

I was born in the Town of *St. Paul* in *Provence*, and before four Years old was brought to *Paris* to an Uncle's, who was nam'd *L'Esprevier*. He was a Dancing-Master, and one of the twenty-four of the King's Band of Musick. He was eminent in his Profession, made a good Figure in the World, and spar'd nothing for the Education of his Children : But the Number of them, and his Inclination to Pleasures, prevented him from raising such a Fortune as he might have done, if he had been less burthen'd with a Family, and more regular in his Conduct. My Aunt, his Wife, who was of an extreme tender Constitution, pass'd a great Part of the Year at a little Country-Retreat they had at *Chalandray* beyond *Mongeron*, and about four Leagues and a half from *Paris*. She usually carry'd with her the two youngest of her Daughters, and left me to the Care of her Husband with the eldest, and her two Sons, who began already to teach at *Paris*. My
Cousin

Cousin was eighteen, not handsome, but a very prudent young Woman, and of a most excellent Character and Nature. I was almost fifteen; and under the Conduct of an old Governess, who had brought us up: we acquitted ourselves so well of all our Duties, that we were look'd upon as Examples to all the young People in that Quarter of the Town.

My Uncle dwelt near the *Hôtel de Grammont*, when *Madame the Princess of Monaco* came to reside there. As the *Hôtel* was not sufficient for all her Attendants, they came to desire *Mons. L'Esprevier* to favour them with the Use of a Parlour and two Chambers for some of the Officers of her Household, during the Time of her residing there. He offer'd not only what they demanded, but the greatest Part of his House. But, as he was not without Uneasiness in regard to his Daughter and to me, he resolv'd with himself to send us to *Chalandray*, when the *Intendant* of the Princess, who was a Man of Age and Probity, assur'd him, and promis'd to have so watchful an Eye over our Behaviour, that he should have no Reason of Discontent.

Amongst those who came to reside in the House, there was a Page of the Princess's, call'd *De la Pastriere*, beautiful as an *Adonis*, and not above eighteen. He endeavour'd continually to enter into Conversation with us; we avoided him carefully; but learning that we went almost every Evening to a young Friend of ours in the Neighbourhood, where we amus'd ourselves with innocent Entertainments suitable to our Age, he got himself introduc'd there. He was as sensible and modest as he was handsome and well-made. As he shew'd greater Affiduities to me than to all the rest, I was not insensible to his Politeness; and tho' then ignorant of Love, yet I felt a most particular Inclination for him.

I was in this Disposition, when the Princess's Master of the Horse, nam'd *M. de St. Pierre*, perceiving an Inclination grown between the Page and me, gave me some Reprimand upon that Head, and threatned to inform *Mr. de L'Esprevier* of it. This made me more circumspect: I reflected upon the dangerous and ridiculous Engagement I was falling into, almost without perceiving it; and from that Moment ceas'd to look
upon

upon the Page with the same Eyes as before. I confess to you, *Madame*, that it was not without extreme Violence that I combated my growing Inclination. I stood in Need of the utmost Strength of my Mind, and the Advice of my virtuous Cousin. Like a prudent and a sensible Woman, she supported me in the Resolution I took, and which I executed, of avoiding all Occasions of being alone with *Mr. de la Pastriere*.

Doubtless, *Madame*, you are astonish'd to find I had at sixteen Sentiments so lively, and yet so reserv'd; I am myself actually surpriz'd at it, whilst I write this: But, are we Mistresses of our own Hearts? I lov'd *Mr. de la Pastriere* even before I knew it. But reflecting within myself, that a Page was never destin'd for a Husband; even when he quitted that Habit he was a Gentleman, my Birth mean; I was young, and without a Fortune, (my Aunt never flatter'd me upon that Article) therefore, all Things consider'd, I took a firm Resolution never more to think of him; and, to the utmost of my Power, put it in Execution.

The Docility that I shew'd upon this Occasion to the Advice of *Mr. de St. Pierre*, awaken'd his Attention to me, and soon after he form'd a Design of marrying me, perswading himself I should be flatter'd by the Honour of it, and the Advantages he propos'd to give me. He soon made a Confession of his Passion to me: And as till then his Conversations were always extremely serious, so even now he preach'd the strictest Morality to me: Far from being touch'd with the Offer he made to share his Fortune with me, I testify'd to him, that tho' highly sensible of the Honour he intended to do me, yet I had an extreme Repugnance to a marry'd State. Ah! *Mademoiselle*, said he, if *Mr. de la Postriere* was of an Age and Situation fit to offer you the same, would you refuse him? Perhaps, *Monsieur*, I might not, reply'd I, you see I am sincere, and unwilling to flatter you. Consider I am not much more than Sixteen, and you near Fifty; this Disproportion alone would oblige me to represent to you how little we suit each other. I made all these Reflections before I open'd my Heart to you, said he; but found you so prudent

dent and reasonable, notwithstanding your extreme Youth, that I believ'd I should run no Risque in marrying you. I believe you might not, reply'd I: But, as I should risque a great deal, I beg of you, *Monsieur*, to think no more of this Marriage; but however, to believe, that I am extremely grateful to you for your good Opinion, and generous Intention to do me that Honour.

Mr. de St. Pierre, struck with my Answer, withdrew, penetrated with the most lively Sorrow; and I ran to make a Confidence of this Conversation to my Cousin, who strengthen'd me in my Resolutions.

I had seldom seen *Mr. de St. Pierre* for six Weeks together, when my Cousin being indispos'd, was order'd to be blooded. There were then four or five Persons in her Chamber, amongst whom was the Master of the Horse. I perceiv'd under the Bed a strange Dog, who bark'd and snarl'd at every-body; and having heard much of the dreadful Accidents which happen by the Madness of these Animals, perswaded myself that this was so, begg'd of them earnestly to drive it out. 'Twas in vain; they repre-

sented to me, that mad Dogs never
 bark'd ; I could not submit to all their
 Reasons, but cry'd out in a Manner that
 alarm'd the whole Room. At length
Mr. de St. Pierre, touch'd with the Con-
 dition he saw me in, put on his Gloves,
 seiz'd the Dog by the Ears, and would
 have thrown him out of the Window.
 I oppos'd it, and begg'd, since he held
 it so safely, to carry it down, and shut
 it in a Wood-house, the Door of which
 had a Hole, whereby we might see cer-
 tainly whether it was mad, or no. He
 had the Complaisance to satisfy me ; but
 unhappily his Foot failing him upon the
 Stair-case, he fell with Violence to the
 Bottom, broke his Leg, and receiv'd a
 large Wound in his Head. Whilst the
 Dog made his Escape, *Mr. de St. Pierre*
 gave the most violent Shrieks. We im-
 mediately ran down, and found him in
 a Condition that would have mov'd the
 most Insensible to Pity. The Surgeon,
 who was in the House, took proper Care
 of him, and when they were preparing
 to move him to the *Hôtel de Grammont*,
 he took me by the Hand, press'd it,
 and gave me the most moving and me-
 lancholy Adieu, and said to me, that he
 did

did not believe it was possible to recover of this Fall. The Consequences shew'd but too plainly he was not mistaken; a violent Fever seiz'd him, attended with a Delirium. In a few Days he recover'd his Senses, and seem'd something reviv'd, and made a last Effort to write to me. I receiv'd his Letter from the Hands of my Cousin: it was so moving, and so perswasive, that I cou'd not refuse him the Satisfaction he desired of seeing me once more. I went to him, accompany'd by *Mademoiselle L'Esprevier*. But how great was my Surprize to find all the Symptoms of Death upon him! I was so struck with it that I remain'd speechless. I am obliged to you for your Complaisance, my dear *Mademoiselle*, said he; be always as virtuous as you are beautiful; have the Fear of God incessantly before your Eyes: I must soon go to give an Account of my Actions before him; may he listen to the ardent Prayers I make for my Acceptance with him, and for your Happiness here and hereafter! Adieu, *Mademoiselle*; Adieu for ever.

I melted into Tears during this touching Discourse; and being excessively mov'd

at the Condition in which I saw this worthy Man, let myself fall into an Elbow-Chair, which stood at his Bed-side. He fix'd his Eyes earnestly upon me for some Moments, and then cry'd out, Ah ! let me think no more of any thing but Eternity. A Sign which he made gave us to understand, that he wish'd we would retire. We left the Room, and went home, where I gave a free Course to my Tears and my Regret. I pass'd the rest of the Day and the following Night in cruel Agitations. The next Day we sent to enquire how he was : I heard that he grew still worse. At length, about Eight in the Evening, they brought me a second Letter from him : I open'd it with Precipitation. Judge, *Madame*, of the Emotion I felt at reading what follows :

“ I Have given Orders, *Mademoiselle*,
 “ that this Letter shall not be delivered’d to you till I am dead. As I
 “ was not able to render you happy
 “ whilst I liv’d, I have endeavour’d to
 “ procure you an Establishment worthy
 “ of you, after my Death : *Monsieur*
 “ *Olivier*, a Notary near the Royal Hospital, will deliver you a Copy of my
 “ Will ;

“ Will : I have given you in that some
 “ slender Marks of my Esteem. Re-
 “ member sometimes in your Prayers, a
 “ Man who lov’d you with the purest
 “ Sentiments, and who now forces him-
 “ self to forget you, only that he may
 “ fix his Thoughts upon that Eternity
 “ to which he is immediately going.”

I had this Letter in my Hand, which
 I moistened with my Tears, when *Mr.*
L’Esprevier enter’d my Chamber, I
 gave it into his Hands. He immedi-
 ately went to the Notary, and having
 made him take a Copy of the Will of
Mr. de St. Pierre, he brought it to me.
 I found in it, *Madame*, very solid Testi-
 monies of the real Friendship he had for
 me. After having made some pious Le-
 gacies, and dispos’d of his Estate in Fa-
 vour of his Nephews, he bequeath’d to
 me four Thousand Livres in Furniture at
 my own Choice, a Thousand Crowns in
 ready Money, and a House which he had
 lately bought in the *Rue de Petitchamps*,
 for the Sum of twenty Thousand Livres.

Madame L’Esprevier, who was imme-
 diately sent to, came to *Paris*, to assist in
 putting me in Possession of my Legacy.

After the Formalities of the Law were perform'd, I chose out Furniture to the Value of the Sum which was left to me; I receiv'd the Thousand Crowns in Specie; and they deliver'd to me the Writings of the House, of which I was become the Proprietor.

Tho' I had never known the Want of any thing, yet my Self-Love, and the Vanity incident to Youth, did not a little please me with the Idea of making a better Figure in Life, and being in a Capacity of one Day or other forming an Establishment. As I was not more than Sixteen, I desir'd *Madame L'Esprevier* to take upon herself the Care of my Fortune, and dispose of it as her own. My dear *Bontemps*, said she embracing me, (that was the Name I then bore) I am charm'd with the Goodness of your Heart; I shall never abuse your Offers; and you will always find in me an Aunt who loves you as her own Child.

I shall pass slightly over the following Year, nothing happening in it of any Importance. I gave myself the greatest Pleasure, by being able continually to make little Presents to my dear Cousins, and especially to the eldest; and I augmented

mented by it the Friendship and Tenderness of which they always gave me so many Marks.

I have already told you, *Madame*, that *Mr. L'Esprevier* taught all the Women of Distinction then in *Paris*. Amongst his most illustrious Scholars was the Countess of *Suffex*, natural Daughter to *Charles II.* King of *England*. That Monarch had her by the Dutchess of *Cleveland*, who was one of the most beautiful Women upon Earth. As it was with this Lady that I pass'd the gayest Part of my Life, permit me here to give you her Portrait.

The Countess of *Suffex* was tall ; her Shape perfectly fine, and extremely easy ; her Hair of a fine Auburn ; her Eyes blue, with an Excess of Sweetness in them ; her Mouth small, her Bosom charming ; and her Complexion of a dazzling Whiteness : In a Word, she was a most perfect Beauty. She play'd upon various Instruments ; spoke several different Languages ; and join'd to all these great Qualities, which render'd her compleat, the liveliest and most penetrating Wit, the greatest Equality and Sweetness of Temper, and the gayest Humour.

The

The King her Father had marry'd her in *England*, when she was but fifteen, to the Earl of *Suffex*, who was extremely amiable. They liv'd together in the strictest Union for a Year and a half, at the End of which my Lady *Suffex* lay in of a Daughter. My Lord, tho' he lov'd the Countess with the greatest Passion, was jealous of her to Madness. The Youth of this Lady, and her Birth, not permitting her to consider of those Attentions which might be necessary to please him, she neglected several Things which would have prevented his unjust Suspensions. The Earl was displeas'd with her Behaviour, and after several Remonstrances, which she did not hearken to with sufficient Docility, he found Means to ingratiate himself with the King, and obtain his Permission to send my Lady *Suffex* into *France*. He then had her conducted to *Paris*, into the Convent of *Port Royal* in the *Fauxbourg St. Jacques*.

It was there *Mons. L'Esprevier* had the Honour to teach her to dance. But not being permitted to go into the outward Parlour, she learn'd thro' the Grate, by imitating the Steps that her Master made before her. As this amiable Lady often
en-

enquired after his Family, he one Day begg'd her Permission that we might come to the Parlour, and pay our Compliments to her. We went thither, my Aunt, her two youngest Daughters, her two Sons, and myself. It is impossible to be receiv'd with more Goodness and Affability than we were : loaded with Caresses, and entertain'd with an elegant Collation ; during which she convers'd with the greatest Condescension, and said obligingly to *Mr. L'Esprevier* after it was finish'd, I am charm'd with all your Children, and particularly with this little *Brunette*, (it was of me that she spoke) she is extremely pretty, and very graceful ; I cou'd wish she wou'd attach herself to me, for I have obtain'd a Permission from the King of *England*, and my Lord *Sussex*, to have a *French* Woman in the Number of my Attendants.

Monfr. & Mad. L'Esprevier surpriz'd at the Proposal of this Lady, hesitated for an Answer ; when I snatch'd her Hand, which she had put through the Grate, and kiss'd it with the tenderest Transport : Ah ! *Madame*, cry'd I, obtain Permission of my Aunt for me to wait on you for ever ; and this Day will be

be the happiest of my Life. The Countess smiled at my Vivacity. You cannot refuse me, said she to *Madame L'Esprevier*, seeing she has offer'd herself with so good a Grace. My Aunt was surpriz'd at the sudden Resolution I took; but immediately fixing her Determination, like a Woman of Sense, as she really was, she consented to what the Countess of *Sussex* requir'd; who desir'd I would enter the Cloister without any Delay. I did not expect so soon to be taken at my Word: I embrac'd my Aunt and Cousins; and whatever Joy I felt at the granting of my Request, I could not part with them without shedding Tears.

My Lady *Sussex* return'd Thanks to *Madame L'Esprevier* for the Sacrifice she made her, and I enter'd into the Cloister that Moment. I was conducted into the Parlour, where the Countess was. I threw myself at her Knees; she had the Goodness to raise me up directly, and did me the Honour to embrace, and assure me of her Friendship. I desir'd my Aunt to send my Cloaths, and the little Equipage I stood in need of. She came with them herself the next Day; and being a Woman of Judgment and Goodness, she gave

gave me very prudent Advice for the Regulation of my Conduct. Above all, my dear *Bontemps*, said she, take Care not to form any Engagement, without making a Confidence of it to me : I have very essential Reasons to recommend this Article to you strongly. As I had no Inclination to be so soon establish'd in Life, I easily promis'd her, that I would do nothing without her Participation ; scarce giving any Attention to her last Words, the Sense of which I did not discover till some Years after.

I am now, you see, settled in the Cloister with my Lady *Suffex* ; I might be then Eighteen, at most : She was much of the same Age. In the preceeding Year, as I enjoy'd a Revenue of a Thousand Livres, I procured Masters to perfect me in vocal and instrumental Musick ; I had learn'd to play prettily enough upon the Guitarre, and touch'd the Theorb and Harpsichord with some Delicacy ; I danc'd well, sung with Judgment, and had a tolerable Voice ; I was pretty ; and my lively and gay Humour pleas'd the Countess so extremely, that in less than a Week I acquir'd her Confidence entirely, and at the same Time
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the Jealousy of all the Women who were about her; and above all, of the most ancient of them, call'd *Mademoiselle Doublet*. Notwithstanding all I did to procure her Friendship, she affected to treat me with insupportable Haughtiness. I suffer'd it for some Time without Complaint; but my Lady *Suffex* often remarking a Melancholy on my Face, and imagining I already repented my Confinement with her in the Cloister, had the Goodness to inform herself of the Subject of my Chagrin. It gave me Pain to confess the Cause of it; but at length she commanded me so absolutely to do it, that I was obliged to tell her, that I shou'd be forced to determine upon retiring, if *Mademoiselle Doublet* continu'd to act with such Contempt to me. The Countess of *Suffex*, who knew I had a Fortune sufficient to enable me to live without Dependence, and who lov'd me extremely, had her sent for immediately, reprov'd her very severely for having behav'd in such a Manner to me; told her, to look upon me as one, who was attach'd to her only out of Inclination, and without any View of Interest; and commanded her, and all the rest of her

Wo-

Women, to use me with the Regard I deserv'd. 'Tis easy, Madam, to judge of my Joy, and the Mortification of *Mademoiselle Doublet*. I recover'd all my usual Gaiety, and wholly took up with amusing the Princess by my Voice, my Instruments, and my Dances, I pass'd the happiest and the calmest Life, and never left my Lady *Sussex* till the Hours of Rest.

I receiv'd every Day new Marks of Friendship from the Countess, when a Person from *England* came, and desir'd to speak to her. I was then in the ParLOUR. From the Description that my Lady *Sussex* had several times given me of him, I imagin'd him to be one *Mignard*, Secretary to my Lord, who, as she told me, had been the sole Occasion of the Differences between her and the Earl. I ran to let her know a Man was waiting there, and discover'd my Suspicions to her; she only laugh'd at me, and said, that *Mignard* was then with the Earl, and that he never quitted him.

I press'd her to hasten to the ParLOUR: But how great was her Surprise, when she saw not only *Mignard*, but the Earl of *Sussex* himself, whocame to
inform

inform her, that he had the King's Permission to convey her back to *England*; and that he begg'd she would prepare herself for departing the next Morning at Four. My Lady *Sussex*, who, I believe, was tired with her Residence in the Cloister, being recover'd from her first Astonishment, listned with great Pleasure to the Tenderness he express'd for her, and easily consented to what he desir'd. As she lov'd me extremely, she begg'd my Lord's Permission to take me along with her. The *Earl*, who at that Instant felt all his former Passion renew'd, was far from refusing her so trivial a Request. We then retired to prepare ourselves for Morning; and our Departure was so hasty and unforeseen, that without having Leisure to advertise *Monsieur* and *Mademoiselle L'Esprevier*, who were not then in *Paris*, and who perhaps would have oppos'd it, we took the Road to *England*; and I departed with the Countess, her Women being left behind, who did not rejoin us in fifteen Days.

The *Earl*, who was inform'd of the Attachment I had to my Lady *Sussex*, us'd me with the utmost Politeness during the Journey. He told her frequently,

ly, that I extremely resembled my Lady *Pembroke*, Sister to the Dutchess of *Portsmouth*, Mistress of *Charles* the Second. I imagin'd that, from this Resemblance, I must be a mighty pretty Woman; and Self-love made me believe, that when we arriv'd at *London*, I should soon be surrounded by a Crowd of Admirers.

We arriv'd at *Calais*, from whence the Countess writ to *Mr. L'Esprevier*, not to be uneasy on my Account; that not having Time to inform him of my Departure, she begg'd he would excuse me in Favour of the Zeal I had testify'd to follow her; and assured him, that she would take upon herself the Care of making my Fortune. I writ also to *Madame L'Esprevier*, to beg her Pardon, for departing from *France* without her Permission; and sent her a general Procuration to regulate the Fortune I had at *Paris*, and remit me the Income of it to *England*. We embark'd at *Calais* to pass over to *Dover*. The Earl expected to have found his Equipage there; but as we had us'd such uncommon Diligence, they were not arriv'd: he would have sent for them immediately to his Seat, which was about thirty Miles from *Dover*;

ver; but my Lady *Sussex*, young and gay, and who, of all the Women upon Earth, was the fondest of any uncommon Adventure, would not bear that Delay, but obliged us to make use of what we could get there, which was a kind of Cart drawn by Oxen: we had nothing to sit upon but clean Straw; and a heavy Rain, which we had the Luck to be in, wet us to the Skin. My Lord *Sussex*, *Mignard*, and some other Domesticks, escorted us on Horseback. My Lady *Sussex* laugh'd excessively to see herself in this Equipage; and to divert herself, told me, they had no other in *England*. I was greatly surpriz'd at it; and the Earl and she diverted themselves much with my Credulity. We arrived at length at the Seat of the Earl of *Sussex*, where we remain'd ten Days, or a Fortnight, to recover ourselves of the Fatigues of the Journey, and to give the Countess of *Sussex* Time to prepare every Thing for her appearing in a proper Manner at Court.

The Joy that the Countess of *Sussex* felt at appearing again with general Applause in that Court where she was brought up, and the Tendernefs and Affection which the King express'd to her,
are

are beyond all Imagination. Her Goodness and Humanity introduced me to all those who had a Share in her Friendship; and for four Years I enjoy'd the happiest and most agreeable Life, which met with no Interruption, till the Arrival of a younger Brother of the Earl of *Suffex* from his Travels. He unfortunately was too much pleas'd with my Conversation; and sought after it with great Eagerness, and at very unseasonable Times. As I apprehended his Visits might be prejudicial to me, I behav'd with great Reserve: this only serv'd to irritate the Passion he had conceiv'd for me, which was heighten'd by the natural Obstinacy of his Temper; and one Morning, when the Countess of *Suffex* was in the King's Apartment, where she was to dine, he came to me, and propos'd a private Marriage at the first Word he said. This threw me into great Astonishment; I imagin'd he behav'd thus by Agreement with the Earl, only to find how I cou'd receive such a Proposition. I knew my Lady *Suffex* had many Reasons of Complaint against him, he had express'd such injurious Suspicions of her Conduct, as oblig'd her to address herself to the King,

King, who had mention'd them with great Severity to the Earl of *Suffex*. I suppos'd he imagin'd I favour'd those Intrigues which he fancy'd the Countess carry'd on ; and which I ought, in Justice to that Lady, to declare were absolutely false ; and that she truly lov'd the Earl, notwithstanding the Inquietudes his jealous Temper continually gave her. I perswaded myself therefore, that this Declaration of Love was only to deceive me. I turn'd it into Raillery, and would not be perswaded to give it a serious Answer ; I even inform'd the Countess of it, and desir'd her not to name it to the Earl. But as 'twas difficult to her Openness of Nature to conceal any thing from her Husband, in a few Days she discover'd to him the Sentiments of his Brother. The Earl of *Suffex* was astonish'd at this News : He knew his Brother capable of such a Folly, immediately sent for him, and loaded him with Reproaches. I am ignorant in what Manner they were receiv'd ; I only know he left the Earl's Apartment like a Mad-man, enter'd into my Chamber, spoke to me in the harshest Manner ; and swore I should soon see the Revenge he would take for the

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the Affront he had receiv'd upon my Account.

Knowing the Brutality of his Nature, I was terrify'd at his Menaces ; and even in Fear of my Life, I perceiv'd so great an Excess of Fury in his Eyes. But alas ! *Madame*, all his Anger terminated in a Revenge on himself and his Family ; for, in about six Weeks after, he marry'd the Daughter of a Mechanick, to convince me, that it was in his Power to have done me the same Honour, which I was not in the least ambitious of. His Mother and the Earl of *Sussex* were in a most violent Passion ; but as they could not annul the Marriage, they were obliged to submit to it. The Countess of *Sussex*, who was extremely concern'd, told me some Days after, that if she had imagin'd her Brother-in-law would have contracted such an Alliance, she should not have hesitated a Moment to induce my Lord to consent to his Marriage with me. I told her smiling, I did not the least regret that this Marriage did not succeed. I added, I should never marry till I was led to it by a reasonable Inclination for the Man ; and that if I was to be unhappy in that State, Am-

bition would never be the Occasion of it. I confess'd to her then, this was not the first Opportunity I had of being a Woman of Quality. Since her own Brother, who was also natural Son to the King of *England*, offer'd to marry me; and upon my Refusal, marry'd the Widow of a Man of no very great Distinction; and I assured her, the Respect and inviolable Attachment I had for her, made me, without Hesitation, reject a Proposal, which might perhaps have flatter'd the Ambition of another.

Several Circumstances of my Relation having convinc'd her of the Truth of it, she was in the highest Surprize; and embracing me with the greatest Tenderneſs, My dear *Bontemps*, ſaid ſhe to me, I know not what Heaven has deſtin'd for thee; but ſince thou haſt miſs'd in this Part of the World, two Eſtabliſhments in ſo high a Condition, I doubt whether thou art ever deſign'd to be happy in that Situation. Permit me, *Madame*, ſaid I, to conclude juſt the contrary, and to think, that having twice eſcap'd being unhappy with the Duke of *Cleveland*, and my Lord *Suffex*'s Brother, who doubtleſs in Time would both have deſpis'd me;

me; if ever I do marry, I shall find with a Man of equal Condition to myself, a Tranquillity and Happiness which I should certainly never have enjoy'd with those two Noblemen. The Countess of *Sussex* could not but allow, there was Reason in what I said.

I was above four Years in *England*, without finding myself much advanc'd in Point of Fortune; and these two last Adventures gave me so much Uneasiness, tho' they did me Honour, that I had some Inclination to return into *France*. I desired Permission of the Countess to leave her; but she strongly oppos'd it, and even made Use of the King's Authority to detain me in *England*. Alas! *Madame*, if that Monarch had liv'd, the Goodness of the Countess of *Sussex* would soon have plac'd me in the happiest Situation, if Riches were capable of making me so: For, on her Representation of the Disinterestedness and Generosity of my Behaviour, in regard to those young Noblemen, his Majesty was so well satisfy'd with my Conduct, that he immediately wrote with his own Hand an Order to the Keeper of the Privy Purse, to pay Three Thousand Guineas to the Bear-

er ; which Paper, on my being introduc'd to him by the Countess, in whose Apartment he then was, his Majesty presented to me, whilst I lay at his Feet to return him Thanks. His Majesty had the Goodness to join to so considerable a Liberality Assurances of the Continuation of his Bounty to me. But alas ! my Joy was of no long Duration ; and I was soon overwhelm'd with the most lively Sorrow on his Account.

It seem'd as if that Monarch had been conscious, that some few Hours later it would be out of his Power to do me Service. At the very Time when he was in the greatest Gaiety, and appear'd to enjoy the most perfect Health, he on a sudden found himself extremely ill : He was immediately carry'd to his Palace, whither the Countess of *Sussex* follow'd him. His Disorder increas'd ; he fell some Hours after into a Kind of Apoplexy, which lasted three Days ; and notwithstanding all the Remedies that were given him, and the Assistance of the most able Physicians, that great Prince expir'd, universally regretted by all his People.

You may imagine, *Madame*, how great was the Despair of the Countess, and how
fin-

sincerely I shar'd in it. I can scarce mention it now without shedding Tears ; and the Favours of that Monarch are so thoroughly engrav'd in my Heart, that I shall never forget them : Neither could any of his Subjects mourn more sincerely for so great a Loss.

The Countess of *Suffex* not only lost a Prince, to whom she ow'd her Life, and who lov'd her with the greatest Tenderness ; but at the same Time she lost her only Support against the Caprices of the Earl. It was in my Bosom that she repos'd all the Bitterness of her Heart, and made me sensible she should be the most unfortunate of Women. I took the Liberty to offer her the Three Thousand Guineas, which the Bounty of the King had made me Mistress of ; and which I ow'd wholly to her Goodness. She embrac'd me tenderly at this Offer, but refus'd it. No, my dear *Bontemps*, said she, thy Money can be of no Service to me ; but I am charm'd with the Goodness of thy Heart, thy disinterested Affection, and the sincere Marks that thou hast always given me of thy Attachment to me. I only beg that thou would'st never abandon me. I

embraced a thousand times the Knees of the Countess : But tho' I gave her my Promise never to leave her, it was not afterwards in my Power to keep my Word.

I have already told you, *Madame*, that tho' the Earl of *Suffex* behav'd to me with Abundance of Good-Manners, he never lov'd me : He had unworthy Impressions given him of me ; the Adventure of his Brother, and the unhappy Consequences it had, tho' you have seen how little I deserv'd it, gave him a still farther Distaste to me, which increas'd to such a Degree, as became uneasy to him to conceal. The Loss of the King set him at Liberty from this Constraint, and gave him Power to express his Sentiments to my Lady *Suffex*, and to assure her he should never see me with common Patience. I conjured her with the utmost Earnestness to permit me to return into *France*. She melted into Tears at this Proposal : But being conscious it was absolutely necessary, both for her own Repose, and mine, and the only Method of living amicably with the Earl of *Suffex*, she at length consented to it, testifying all imaginable Regret at this
cruel

cruel Separation, and treating me with the same Consideration, as if we had been upon an Equality. You may judge, *Madame*, the Situation I must be in. At last she inform'd the Earl of her Resolution. He was so extremely pleas'd with her Condescension, that to soften the Stroke as much as possible, he behav'd to me with great Complaisance, and feign'd a Desire that I should stay: But having assured him I could no longer resist the Desire I had to see my Relations again, who earnestly press'd me to return into *France*; he seem'd to yield to that, and commanded his Steward to pay me five hundred Guineas. The Countess gave an equal Sum, and at the same Time made me a Present of a Diamond, set in the Form of a Heart, which might be worth about a Thousand Crowns, and which I shall always wear in Remembrance of her. She did not confine her Generosity to this, but before my Departure, had every Thing made, that might enable me to appear in a proper Manner at *Paris*: Yet all these touch'd me much less, than the Marks she gave me of the Goodness of her Heart, by the Tears she shed in Abundance at my Departure.

I took Bills of Exchange at Sight upon the greatest Bankers in *Paris* for the Sums I had in *England*; and I departed from *London* with an Excess of Sorrow, which reduced me almost to Stupidity; having lost all Hope of ever seeing again this amiable and virtuous Lady, for whom I always had the most tender and respectful Attachment.

I embark'd at *Dover*; and after a fortunate and easy Passage, I went on Shore, and lodg'd at one of the most principal Inns in *Calais*. The Countess of *Suffex* had the Goodness and Precaution to retain two Places in the Coach which goes from thence to *Paris*; and recommended me strongly to the Wife of a *French Jeweller*, who came to *England* to the Assistance of her Husband dangerously ill there, and whose Recovery was owing to her uncommon Care.

The Beginning of our first Day's Journey was tolerably gay; till within a League of *Boulogne*, where we were to lye, our Coach was stopp'd at the Corner of a Wood, by four Men in Masks; who having shot the Postillion dead at the first Discharge of their Pistols, and with the second thrown down the Coachman

man from his Seat, seiz'd on the Door^s of the Coach, and commanded us to alight. Represent to yourself, *Madame*, the Terror of five Women, who had no other Escorte than a *Recollet*, this Jeweller, and a Youth of sixteen, sent by his Friends to the Academy. The Robbers began by searching me with the greatest Exactness: My Diamond, my Purse very well replenish'd, soon fell into their Hands, together with my Bills of Exchange; whilst they were doing the same to the rest, one of them having look'd upon me with Attention, propos'd to his Comrades, to carry me off with them. Whatever Dread I had felt, till then I had preserv'd my Reason: But at this Discourse, struck with Horror, I fell down almost senseless at their Feet. I was in this Condition, when five Gentlemen riding full Speed, with their Pistols cock'd, made a Discharge upon the four Villains so fortunately, that two of them were kill'd, and the others render'd incapable of defending themselves. I know not how the Companions of my Journey behav'd, but at the Noise of the Fire-Arms I fainted away; and when they brought me to myself again, was

amaz'd to see the two Robbers, who were still alive, pinion'd with Cords, and all the Effects, which I had been robb'd of, restor'd to me, and to all my Fellow-Travellers.

It is necessary you should know, *Madam*, to whom we were obliged for so happy an Assistance. Our Postillion was really dead; but the Coach-man, whom the Robbers suppos'd they had kill'd, was so lucky as not to be hurt; and had let himself fall down, on Purpose that they might imagine him to be dead. When perceiving the Villains busy'd in rifling the Passengers, he drew himself along upon the Ground, till he was in the Wood, at the Corner of which we were; and then running with his utmost Speed towards *Boulogne*, he was so fortunate to meet two Officers, attended with three Servants, whom he inform'd in a few Words of the Condition we were in, and the Robbers, who had stopp'd us, being on Foot, they might assist us before their Villainy was completed. These brave Men did not hesitate a Moment to fly to our Assistance, and saved us (as I have related) from the Hands of these Wretches.

But,

But, *Madame*, how great was my Astonishment, when I had recover'd my Spirits, to find in one of our Deliverers *Monfr. de la Pastriere*, that Page of *Madame de Monaco's*, whom I mention'd to you in the beginning of this History ! That Gentleman, who had not seen me for near five Years, look'd upon me with deep Attention ; when I drew him out of the Embarrass he seem'd to be in. *Monsieur*, said I to him, we all owe our Lives and our Effects to you, and to these Gentlemen ; and in particular, I owe my Honour to you, which these infamous Wretches design'd to betray : But, am not I obliged for so great a Service to *Mr. de la Pastriere*, whom I have seen a Page to the *Princess of Monaco* ? Ah ! cry'd that Gentleman immediately, you are *Mademoiselle Bon-temps* : My Heart inform'd me so, and I ought to have believ'd it sooner. Then throwing himself at my Knees, he snatch'd my Hand, and press'd it to his Mouth with the most excessive Ardor.

You may remember, *Madame*, that in my earliest Youth I had not been able to look upon this Page with Indifference ; and it was Reflection and Reason alone

which prevented me from listening to what my Heart spoke in his Favour. It was not in my Power ever to forget him entirely : His amiable Figure was imprinted in my Memory, and had, perhaps, too great a Share in hindering me from listening to those Proposals of Establishment, which were made me in *England*.

Monfr. de la Pastriere might then be something more than twenty-four, but had lost none of his usual Graces ; he only appear'd more form'd than when he liv'd with *Madame de Monaco*. I felt an Excess of Sensibility at these Marks of Tendernefs which he gave me ; and being conscious of the Obligation he had just conferr'd upon me, I from that Moment resolv'd to make him my Husband, if he was at Liberty, and in a Situation to accept of my Hand. But far from thinking it proper to discover these favourable Sentiments to him so soon, I only made Answer, *Monsieur*, I am that *Bontemps* whom you speak of : I am upon my Return from *England* (where I have been now five Years) loaded with the Benefits and Liberality of the Monarch, whom that Nation has lately lost,
and

and those of the Countess of *Suffex*. I found myself Mistress of a Fortune sufficient to make me pass the rest of my Life in Ease and Tranquillity, when in an Instant I saw almost all my Effects pass into the Hands of those Wretches, whom you made yourselves Masters of. I am too deeply obliged to you for procuring the Restitution of them, not to conjure you to dispose of them as of your own. *Monfr. de la Pastriere* receiv'd these Offers in the most handsome Manner, testify'd all the Joy imaginable for having been so happy as to be able to do me so essential a Service; and to express his Satisfaction, took six *Louis d'Ors* out of his Purse, and threw them to the Coachman, who, by the Advice that he had so opportunely given him, had occasion'd his coming to our Assistance. Whatever Instances I made for him to suffer the Money to be return'd, he would never consent to it: It was in vain to tell him that it was my Duty, and not his, to recompence the Man; he would not hearken to it, but appear'd wholly lost in the Joy of finding me again. I began my Gratitude by giving thirty *Louis d'Ors* to the three Valets of these Gentle-

men,

men; I gave twenty to the Coachman: the rest contributed in Proportion to the advancing of his little Fortune; and after having fasten'd the Dead and the Wounded in the Hampers of the Coach, we continued our Route, and came to *Boulogne*, where we deliver'd the Criminals into the Hands of Justice. They obliged us to stay one whole Day in that Place to take our Depositions against these Villains; they were impeach'd, confronted with us, convicted of this Crime, and of several others, and soon after executed.

I had sufficient Leisure, during our Stay in the Inn, to converse with *Monfr. de la Pastriere*. He assured me, that tho' he imagin'd me intirely lost to him, it was not in his Power ever to forget me; he told me also, that by the Goodness and Assistance of *Madame de Monaco*, having been a Lieutenant in the Regiment of *Picardy*, he was two Years before rais'd to the Post of Captain; That being the youngest of three Brothers, who were then in good Posts in the Elector of *Bavaria's* Service, and not having a Fortune suitable to their Birth, they all embraced the Profession
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of Arms. This Recital was attended by the most tender Declaration. I am in so great an Apprehension, *Mademoiselle*, said he, least my Love should appear interested, that I can scarce prevail on myself to speak of it: You are rich, and I have no Fortune but my Company; may I be permitted to make so indifferent an Offer? Yes, said I, I give you Leave to hope; I esteem you infinitely: I am now going to *Paris*, and when I have regulated my Affairs, I will inform you of my Resolutions. Ah! *Madame*, return'd he, permit me to attend you thither. The Friend who was so happy as to contribute with me to your Assistance, was conducting me to an Estate he has near *Gravelines*; I will beg of him to put off the Party to another Time, and I am certain he won't be displeas'd, that upon this Occasion I give the Preference to my Mistress.

The Thing was executed according to his Proposition. I arriv'd at *Paris*, and design'd to alight at the House of *Madame L'Esprevier*, whom I had inform'd of my Departure from *England*: She came to meet me in a *Carosse de Remise* two Leagues beyond the *Barriers*, and
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immediately recollected *Mr. de la Pastriere*, who paid her great Civilities. I had agreed with him, that he should be five or six Days before he came to me, to avoid all Discourses that might have been made upon that Head. He took his Leave with a pleasing Hope, after openly asking me Permission to come and pay his Compliments to me.

All the Children of *Madame L'Esprevier* were well establish'd, excepting her eldest Daughter, who having no Inclination for Marriage, continued to live with her Mother. My Aunt did not appear to me to be without Emotion; there was not a Knock at the Door without her running to the Window. I ask'd her the Reason of it; she told me with a Smile, that she expected one, whom I should be glad to be acquainted with; but she could not tell me any farther then. As I suppos'd it might be one of her Sons-in-law, I gave no great Attention to her Answer. After the first Compliments to her Family, to whom I presented about the Value of a Hundred Pistoles, I sent to desire *Monfr. Olivier*, the Nótary, would be pleas'd to come to *Madame L'Esprevier's*. He came there;

there ; I deliver'd all my Bills of Exchange into his Hands, and engaged him to receive them for me, and keep the Sum they amounted to till I could find out a proper Method to employ it.

After Supper I retir'd to my Chamber with *Madame L'Esprevier*. I believ'd it my Duty not to make a Mystery to her of the Inclination I felt for *Mr. de la Pastriere* : It was founded on Gratitude ; and tho' not Twenty-two, yet I was Mistress of a considerable Fortune, which I acquired honourably ; I imagin'd, I had a Right to dispose of It and Myself as I thought proper. *Monsieur de L'Esprevier*, who knew he was a Gentleman of a good Family, did not disapprove the Sentiments I had so reasonably conceiv'd for him : On the contrary, she told me I could not make a better Choice ; but added, she advis'd me to defer for some Time the promising my Hand to him, for very particular Reasons. She told me, that the Evening before she receiv'd the News of my Departure from *London*, she had writ to me to come with all imaginable Haste to *Paris* ; and that she had Things to inform me of there, which were of the
last

last Consequence to me, and which she cou'd not trust to a Letter.

I was excessively astonish'd at this Discourse. What can these Things be, that are so interesting to me? said I. Ah! *Madame*, I conjure you, don't delay a Moment to satisfy so just a Curiosity. Well then, *Mademoiselle*, said she, I shall disclose Mysteries that must amaze you: You are not my Niece, and *Madame Bontemps*, who was my Sister, only lent her Name to you. Your Father and your Mother are still living; I think you cannot reasonably dispose of yourself without their Consent; and the more, as Fate which appear'd to have separated them for ever, has now permitted them to draw near the Moment of being eternally united to each other. This is what I learnt some few Days since from the *Count de Corberon* himself, to whom you owe your Birth. How! cry'd I in an Amazement above all Expression, is a Man of such Distinction my Father, the Reputation of whose immense Riches has reach'd even *England*? Why has he in some Degree abandon'd me till now? and what can have prevented his espousing my Mother? That is what I am going to relate,
if

if you will hear me out with Patience, reply'd *Madame de L'Esprevier*. Ah! *Madame*, said I, I have too deep an Interest in what you tell me, for you to defer a Moment to instruct me in it: I shall give all imaginable Attention to you. This therefore, said *Madame de L'Esprevier*, is what I learnt from your Father himself. She then began her Relation in these Terms:

The late *Marquis de Corberon*, a Man of the first Distinction, and extremely respected in the Province, had three Sons, whom he treated with the greatest Severity: The youngest, whom naturally he should have lov'd the most, he us'd the worst, without the least Appearance of Reason. This Behaviour threw him into so violent a Despair, that he several times attempted to poison himself; and perhaps, at length might have effected it, if by Accident one Day, after having bore the utmost Extent of the Count's capricious Temper, he had not found his Closet open; he took out of his Bureau a Purse with a Hundred Pistoles, with which he propos'd to fly for ever from his Hatred. He ran immediately to the Stables, and having saddled the first Horse
he

he met with, mounted it, and flew like Lightning from his paternal Castle, which was about two Leagues from *Arles* ; he went on for near ten Leagues without stopping . At last, the Night surpriz'd him at a Place call'd *La Bauffet*, three or four Leagues from *Toulon* ; he enter'd very much fatigued into the Inn that made the best Appearance, eat a slight Supper, desir'd them to take great Care of his Horse, went to Bed early, rose the next Day by Dawn, and departed pursuing the same Road : But tho' at eighteen he was not Master of great Experience, yet reflecting, that if his Father pursu'd him, he should be soon overtaken in the High-Road, he turn'd off to a Bye-Path, and follow'd it, till being surpriz'd by a violent Storm, he was obliged to take Shelter under an Oak to preserve himself from the Violence of the Rain. He had been there half an Hour, when the Thunder redoubling with the most terrible Cracks augmented his Fear, and a terrible Flash of Lightning struck his Horse dead under him ; after some Time recovering his Spirits, he disengaged himself from the Horse as well as he could, and return'd Thanks to Heaven
for

for his providential Escape: But at the same Time perswading himself this Stroke of Lightning was a Warning from Heaven, he resolv'd to throw himself into the first Religious House he came to, and there expiate his Faults. When the Storm was over, he walk'd three or four Hours before he came to a Place where he could refresh himself, and dry his Cloaths, the Dampness and Coldness of which had almost took away the Use of his Limbs: at length having reach'd a large Village, he went into it, still unrecover'd of the Consternation this Accident had thrown him into.

Having stay'd there two Days to recover himself of the Fatigue of the Journey and Fright, he went from thence on Foot, and arriv'd near a small Town, which they told him was seven Leagues from *Antibes*, and is the first Town in *Provence* upon the Frontiers of *Italy*. He perceiv'd on an Eminence, at some Distance from the Town, a Convent, and no sooner learnt that it was a House of *Recollets*, than he resolv'd to go thither immediately, and execute his Design. But being unwilling to carry all his little Treasure with him, he chose out a remarkable

markable Place in an unfrequented Spot, to conceal his Purse, out of which he took only four Pistoles, and went to present himself to the Superior of the Friars, from whom he conceal'd his Name, and the Motive of his Devotion. He was receiv'd by the Superior with great Affability. After some Months of Probation, having taken the Habit of the Order, under the Name of *Brother Saturnin*, he perform'd his Exercises with so much Fervour and Exactness, that he was propos'd as an Example to all the Novices of the House.

He had been there about four or five Months, when an epidemick Distemper broke out in the Country, which in a very short Time carry'd off one Third of the Inhabitants. It began with a cruel Pain in the Head, follow'd by a kind of Delirium; after violent Agitations, they recover'd their Senses; and then were seiz'd with a Stupor and Drowsiness, that generally terminated in Death. The Sick were in so great a Number, that almost all the Curates and neighbouring Priests were either dead, or exhausted with Fatigue. The Religious of the Convent where the young Count *de Corberon* was,

were

were not exempted ; out of sixteen, which was their Number, the Disease had carry'd off eleven of the youngest. For Want of Ecclesiasticks in the Parish belonging to the Castle of *Briffon*, which was but a Quarter of a League from the Convent, a Messenger was sent one Evening to the *Recollets*, to demand their spiritual Assistance for the Daughter of him to whom it belong'd, who, after having been attack'd with a violent Pain in her Head, was then in the Delirium, with all the Symptoms which could make them suppose the Disease would prove mortal. One of the most ancient of the five Religious who were left, though he had pass'd the preceeding Night without Sleep, offer'd to go and confess the sick Person : But as they must never go out alone, and the Presence of the others was absolutely necessary in the Convent, they dispens'd with their usual Rule, in regard to the unhappy Time, and permitted the Novice *Saturnin* to accompany the Religious, who went to administer the Sacraments of the Church to the dying Patient.

They arriv'd at the Castle, which they found almost a Desert, and were conducted

ed by the Lady to the Chamber of her Daughter. After the Delirium, she had her Senses for the Space of an Hour perfect enough, to make Use of the Presence of the Religious : After which she fell into a kind of convulsive Lethargy ; and not long after, they brought Word that she was dead to the *Marquis de Ribera*c and his Lady, her Father and Mother, who were still with the Religious and the Novice. They were seiz'd with so violent a Sorrow, when they were inform'd of the Death of their Daughter, who was an only Child, and not above fifteen, that it was not without the most touching Remonstrances, and most pathetick Discourses, that this Religious could give the least Truce to their Affliction : He made them offer it as a Sacrifice to the Almighty ; and after a slight Refreshment, was conducted with the Novice into the Chamber of the Deceased, to pass the Night in Prayers by the Body.

They at first recited together the Office for the Dead : But, after continuing two Hours in fervent Prayer, the old *Recollet*, exhausted by the Watching of the preceeding Night, was insensibly overcome
with

with Sleep, and fell into so profound a Repose, that the Report of a Cannon could not have awak'd him. The Novice, who had never before been at such a Ceremony, attempted several Times to rouse him, and endeavour'd to prevent himself from sleeping, by reading aloud the *Psalms* proper for the Occasion. He was above an Hour employ'd alone in this pious Exercise, when by Accident casting his Eyes on the Body, which lay in the Bed between the Sheets, he thought he perceiv'd it move. Terrors seiz'd him at first ; but afterwards reassuring himself, and examining it more narrowly, he found he was not mistaken. All his Efforts not being able to wake the old Religious ; he open'd the Door of the Chamber to go for Help, but coming to the End of a Gallery which open'd into the Court, he found the Door double lock'd ; and tho' he call'd out of the Windows as loud as he could, both to the Domesticks, and to *Monfr. de Riberrac* ; yet none of them making any Answer, he resolv'd to return to the Chamber, and endeavour however to give her all the Assistance he was capable of. To this Purpose he took the Light, and hav-

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ing

ing uncover'd her Face, he thought, notwithstanding her extreme Paleness, he perceiv'd a Warmth of Colour in it, which was not natural to a dead Body, he endeavour'd to find if her Heart still beat, he laid a trembling Hand upon it, and convinc'd himself, by that Proof, she was still alive. Her Beauty, which the Violence of her Distemper was not able to efface, struck him deeply. In a Word, (for I cannot abridge too much the Recital of so horrible an Event) forgetting at that Moment both Religion and Humanity, he consummated the most dreadful Crime.

The Day was then beginning to appear. He made fresh Efforts to awaken the old Religious; and at last succeeding in it, told him he believ'd *Mademoiselle de Riberac* was not dead. Some of the Domesticks being awake came at the repeated Calls they made. *Monsieur de Riberac* and his Wife learnt with the most excessive Joy, that what they had look'd upon as Death, according to all Appearances, was only a Lethargy. They ran to the Apartment of their Daughter, whom they found alive indeed, but not in a Condition to know any Person: They
look'd

look'd upon this as a Crisis which might save her, and by Cordial-Elixirs, and other proper Assistance that was immediately given her, she soon recover'd the Use of her Senses.

The Religious and the Novice withdrew to their Convent; the young Count, incessantly haunted with the Remembrance of what pass'd in the Castle, was given up to the most dreadful Remorse, and most cruel Inquietude for the Consequences of this Event. He pass'd near two Months in this terrible Situation, without enjoying a Moment's Tranquillity: Twenty times he was upon the Brink of going to throw himself at the Feet of *Monfr. de Riberac*, and confessing his Crime to him; and doubtless would have done so, if he consulted only the violent Passion he conceiv'd for *Eleonora* (which was the Name of his Daughter): But dreading lest this Gentleman in the first Emotions of his just Indignation, shou'd have him secur'd, and deliver'd into the Hands of Justice, he judg'd it impracticable to reveal this shocking Mystery; and to convey himself from the Punishment he was sensible he deserv'd, took a Resolution entirely opposite. He gave

the *Recollets* to understand, that not having Courage enough to face those Dangers and Deaths which surrounded them; and as there was no Way to avoid it but by leaving them, he demanded his Lay-Habit again, which was deliver'd to him; he fetch'd his Treasure again from the Place where it was conceal'd, and resolv'd to pass into *Italy*, without knowing in the least what he should do on his Arrival there. He went to *Antibes*, and embark'd some few Days after in a Vessel for *Civita Vecchia*: But two Corsairs of *Barbary* giving them Chace, they were obliged to yield, and the Count de *Corberon* was stripp'd, put in Chains along with the other Prisoners, and carry'd to *Tunis*.

By good Fortune he was sold to a rich Merchant who spoke *French*, and had a Correspondence with all the greatest Merchants at *Marseilles*. The Man, whose Name was *Azem*, no sooner bought the young Count, to whom he gave the Name of *Emanuel*, than he carry'd him to his Country-Seat, where all his Women were at that Time, and there charged him with Employments of a very easy Nature. Notwithstanding the good
Usage

Usage the Count (whom I shall for the future call by the Name his Patron gave him) found in his Slavery, he was pierc'd with the most lively Sorrow, and lost all Hopes of ever recovering his Liberty: He gave himself up to so immoderate an Affliction, that it threw him into a most dangerous Illness; *Azem*, who conceiv'd a Friendship for him, was alarm'd at it: he spar'd nothing, that might soften the Rigour of his Captivity; and after having obliged him to make use of all proper Remedies, he treats him with so much Goodness, that *Emanuel* at length recover'd, and his Health was entirely re-establish'd.

The young Count incessantly torment-
ed with Remorse, and looking upon his
Slavery as the just Punishment of his
Crime, was continually plunged in the
deepest Melancholy. *Azem* often made
him the most tender Reproaches upon
it, and thought he could not better dis-
sipate his Sorrow, than by introducing
him into the Apartment of his Women;
Emanuel, who during a Slavery of near
five Months, had Time to inform him-
self of the Manners of the Country,
knew too well the Jealousy of that Na-
tion,

tion, not to tremble at the Proposal of his Patron. Ah! my Lord, said he, I have too grateful a Sense of the Goodness you have shewn to me, to hazard displeasing you; tho' at so young an Age, I am conscious of my Weakness in regard to Women: One of that Sex has occasion'd the Misery of my Life; and tho' I have her Portrait imprinted for ever in my Heart, who knows whether I can see without Emotion those who are inclos'd in your Seraglio? Whatever Resolutions I may have form'd to be faithful to you, I shall perhaps forget them all, and with Justice draw down your Indignation upon me. All my Unhappiness proceeds from not being able to resist Temptation: The Satisfaction of a Moment has dishonour'd me for ever; and perhaps destroy'd the Life of the Person I adore; whose utmost Hatred I am conscious I deserve. He could not finish these last Words without shedding a Torrent of Tears.

T H E



THE
Fortunate Orphan:
 OR,
 MEMOIRS
 OF THE
 COUNTESS of MARLOU.

PART II.



A Z E M was mov'd and touch'd by the most lively Curiosity; he gave him so many Caresses, that he engaged him to make a Recital of his Adventure.

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He listen'd to him with the greatest Amazement and Surprize; but as the *Turks* are grosser in their Ideas, he was not so much shock'd at the Relation as a *Christian* would have been. I conceive, *Emanuel*, said he, that the Occasion was insnaring; therefore I cannot absolutely condemn thee for an Action which however I do not approve; but we must endeavour to find a Remedy for it. Thou hast told me she whom thou lovest is not above fifteen: serve me during the Course of two Years with Affection and Fidelity, and I promise thee after that Time, not only to give thee thy Liberty, but to furnish thee with Riches enough not to be refused by her Parents. Ah! my dearest Master, return'd *Emanuel*, what Thanks ought I to pay you? But at the same Time, what just Fears must I have, that before the Term you have given me they may have dispos'd otherwise of her Hand? She knows me not: and when she does she must hate and detest me; I have too cruelly offended her, ever to deserve she should forgive me. I allow of that, return'd his Patron: but thou art too well made, and too handsome, not to make her forget an

an Offence, which perhaps has had no Consequences : I am satisfy'd she will receive thy Heart and Hand with Pleasure. Besides, she is so young, that 'tis likely her Father may not yet think of an Establishment for her.

These obliging Promises from *Azem* calm'd in some Degree the profound Melancholy of *Emanuel* ; but as they did not entirely dissipate it, and that his Patron had conceiv'd the most tender Friendship for him : Well, *Emanuel*, said he one Day to him, I am resolv'd to make thee happy, if it is possible : From this Moment thou art free. I have done more, I have bespoke a Passage for thee in a Vessel which sails in eight Days for *Marseilles*, and here are ten thousand Francs in Gold, which I make thee a Present of. Return to thy Country, endeavour to introduce thyself into the Family of thy Mistress ; strive to please her, and make thyself belov'd, and depend upon my Purse in all thy Necessities. This is not all yet : Take this Letter of Recommendation to my Correspondent ; I have given him Orders to deliver to thee as far as a hundred Thousand Francs : I believe with that Sum it will not be dif-

ficult to obtain the Woman whom thou lovest. But this I exact from thee, if thou canst not succeed in it, thou shalt return to *Tunis*, not to put on thy Chains once more, but take again the Title of My Friend, which is all I demand of thee as a Return for my Benefactions.

No one ever pass'd more suddenly from a most profound Sorrow to so excessive a Joy as did *Emanuel*: He prostrated himself at the Feet of his *Baron*, which he embrac'd with the tenderest Transport. Ah! my Lord, said he, what Greatness of Soul! what Excess of Generosity! Yes, I protest to you, by all that is most sacred, if I cannot succeed in being happy with the Person I adore, I will return to *Tunis*, and finish my Days with so good and affectionate a Master; to whom the only Request I shall make is, that he would never propose to me a Change of Religion. Thou shalt be the Master of thy self upon that Article, reply'd *Azem*; I shall always love better to have thee a good *Christian*, than a bad *Mussulman*: But I will not have thee depart, without first taking thy Leave of my Women: They are curious to see thee,
and

and hear the Recital of thy Adventures from thy own Mouth. *Emanuel* kiss'd the Hand of his Master, and having signify'd he was ready to obey him, he immediately suffer'd himself to be conducted by him to the Women's Apartment.

Azem having presented *Emanuel* to his Wives, who were three in Number, the Slave, with the Assistance of his Patron, who serv'd him as an Interpreter, related his Story to them. Having express'd their Surprize at so extraordinary an Adventure, they felicitated *Azem* upon the Resolution he had taken, praised him for his Generosity, and wish'd *Emanuel* all imaginable Success in his Voyage. The Patron had only one Daughter, extremely pretty, who was not yet fourteen; she was present at this Relation. She look'd upon *Emanuel* with great Attention, and perceiving him ready to quit the Apartment, My Father, said she to *Azem* in the *Turkish* Language, if this handsome young *Christian* returns to *Tunis*, as you have assured us he has promis'd you, I should be glad to have him for my Husband; he suits my Fancy exactly. The three

Women, among whom was the Mother of this charming young Creature laughing at her Speech, *Azem* turn'd to *Emanuel*, My Friend, said he, here is a Child who puts up Petitions very contrary to thine; thou hast found the Art of pleasing her: she wishes thou mayest keep the Promise: thou hast given me to return to *Tunis*; and tells me, that she should be well-pleas'd to be thy Wife, *Emanuel* much surpriz'd at this Discourse, receiv'd it with great Respect; and taking Leave of the Wives of his Patron, thought of nothing but his Departure.

The Vessel left the Port in a few Days, and arriv'd at *Marseilles* without any Accident. *Emanuel* immediately went to his Patron's Correspondent, who receiv'd him in a most gracious Manner; and assured him he would pay him whatever Sums he stood in Need of, conformable to *Azem's* Orders. On this Promise he took Post for the Village, of which *Monfr. de Riberac* was Lord: There having alighted, and by way of Conversation only endeavour'd to inform himself of what he wanted to know, he was told, that within three Months,
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the Disease which reign'd in those Parts being much decreas'd, that Gentleman, his Wife, and his Daughter were gone to *St. Paul* to pass the Winter. He mounted his Horse again, arriv'd some Hours after in that Town, alighted at the best Inn, and having enquir'd for the House of *Monsieur de Riberac*, he no sooner heard it was at the other End of the Town than he flew thither immediately. But imagine his Distress, when he learnt from a Domestick, who came out of the House all in Tears, that *Eleanora* was that Moment expired! This was a Thunder-stroke indeed: He could not support so cruel an Event; and recollecting it was then just nine Months since he had seen for the first and only Time that charming Woman, he did not doubt a Moment but he was the Cause of her Death. This dreadful Reflection struck him senseless at once. Happily for him, two elderly Women at that Instant were passing by, who having Compassion of the Condition they saw him in, had him carry'd back to his Inn. There penetrated with the bitterest Sorrow he was put to Bed, and attack'd with a malignant Fever, which soon put him into evident Danger.

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They were obliged to let him know, that according to all Appearances, he had not many Days to live. *Emanuel* receiv'd this News with the last Indifference ; but demanded a Priest, that he might reconcile himself to God : he told him the Occasion of the Condition he was in ; and having implored the Pardon of the Almighty with the deepest Contrition, he receiv'd the Sacraments, and dispos'd himself for a truly Christian Death. It seem'd as if from that Moment his Distemper decreas'd ; and being willing to profit of those favourable Moments, he conjured his Confessor to inform himself with all possible Precaution of the Child's Fate, which, according to Appearance, *Eleonora* must have brought into the World ; deliver'd into his Hands eight Thousand Livres in Gold to provide for its Subsistence ; and in Case he could make no Discovery in a Year's Time, he desir'd him to found an Anniversary with the Sum for the Repose of the Soul of that unhappy young Lady. In a few Days after this his Health appearing to be much better, and not able to stay longer in this fatal Place, he made use of the Opportunity of a
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Litter returning empty to *Marseilles*, and was carry'd to the House of *Azem's* Correspondent. He remain'd there a Month in an alternative State, which made them sometimes hope, and sometimes fear for his Life: But as his Hour was not yet come, his Youth, and his excellent Constitution overcame the Malignity of the Disease; and in about six Weeks finding himself in a Condition to bear the Voyage, he embark'd again for *Barbary*, and surpriz'd his Patron extremely by his Arrival, which he did not in the least imagine would have been so soon, if ever.

Emanuel related to him in Presence of his Wives the cruel Event which precipitated his Return; and it was not without shedding many Tears that he could make them so touching a Recital. *Azem's* Women were extremely mov'd at the new Adventures of *Emanuel*; and above all his Daughter, who understanding his Language tolerably, was so struck with it that she melted into Tears during the whole Narration. When it was finish'd, and *Emanuel* withdrawn from the Women's Apartment: Permit me, my dear Patron, said he to *Azem*, to live

in Retirement : Time alone can have Power to cure my Sorrow ; it is yet too recent for me to combat it with Success : Give me therefore, I conjure you, the Liberty of groaning in secret for my Misfortunes.

Azem promis'd he would never constrain him, and kept his Word : But at length, after six Months, he by Degrees introduced him into the Company of his Wives, and accustom'd him so often to the Presence of *Zaide* (which was the Name of his Daughter) that he began to look on her with less Indifference. The Patron soon perceiv'd the Alteration in *Emanuel's* Behaviour. My Daughter loves you, said he to him one Evening ; I see in her Eyes the Tenderness she feels for you : As it is authoris'd by my Consent, I perceive with Pleasure she has made some Progress in your Heart. I am the more charm'd with it, as I depend on finding in you a Son-in-law and Friend, whose Fidelity I may rely on.

Zaide, my Lord, the charming *Zaide*, reply'd *Emanuel*, deserves a Heart that never lov'd, nor burnt with any other Flame. Mov'd as she is with my Misfortunes, I never dared tell her she alone
could

could make me forget them. But whatever Inclination I feel for her, an Obstacle which I think invincible must separate us for ever: She is a *Mahometan*, I a *Christian*. Nothing shall oppose your Union, return'd the Patron: *Fatima*, the Mother of *Zaide*, is a *Christian*; she has educated her Daughter in the Principles of that Religion. I own to you myself, dear *Emanuel*, that I have strong Doubts, whether a Life so voluptuous as the Law of *Mahomet* permits us in this World, and promises us in the next, can assure us a happy Eternity. *Fatima*, who has often convers'd with me upon the Mysteries of her Religion, has convinc'd me of the Falsity of our pretended Prophet's; in my Heart I detest it, but have not the Courage to make my Sentiments publickly known; and after having seriously thought how I might one Day return into my Country (for I have been assured I was born at *Margera*, in the Dominions of *Venice*, and stollen from thence at three Years old) I have cast my Eyes on you, my dearest Friend, to restore me into the Paths of Virtue and Salvation, which I quitted at an Age when I knew not the

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Consequences of it. One Thing alone detains me : I have three Wives, they live in the most perfect Union together ; I have the greatest Tenderness for them all. The first was Daughter to the Patron to whom I was sold : I had too great Obligations to her Father, to repudiate, or abandon her at *Tunis*, to the Obscurity of her false Religion ; she has all the Virtues of a *Christian*, and I doubt not but she would soon become so, if we were in a Country I could speak to her with Freedom in, and have her instructed. The second is of *Albania*, stolen from her Parents in her earliest Youth : She was at first the Slave of a *Mahometan* Widow, who having kept her above twelve Years, sold her to me. She was never thoroughly instructed in the Law of the false Prophet ; she is of the softest Nature, and possess'd of the greatest Docility ; and I am perswaded we might easily engage her to embrace the Religion you profess. I shall not give *Fatima* those Applauses she justly deserves : It is saying enough, to tell you, that adorable Woman makes the Happiness of my Life ; and if to become a *Christian* I must keep but one Wife, she with-

without Dispute I shall bind myself to by that indissoluble Tie ; and with the more Reason, as I never had Children by the other two : *Zaide* (which is my greatest Joy) receiv'd her Life from that charming Woman. Consider then, my dear *Emanuel*, what I ought to do on this Account : Tho' young, yet you are prudent ; consult, without naming me, the *Mathurin*-Fathers, who are here for the Redemption of Captives ; they may, perhaps, find out a Method to make us all equally happy.

Emanuel remain'd in the greatest Surprise and Joy at such a Confidence ; he embrac'd a thousand times the Knees of his Patron. You overwhelm me with your Goodness and Generosity, without my having in the least deserv'd them, cry'd he, I accept the Hand of *Zaide* with the most grateful Transports ; and shall this Moment consult the Reverend *Father Gerson*, who will find some Expedient to deliver us. He immediately flew to that good Religious, and under the Seal of Confession told him the whole Affair. The Father was extremely surpriz'd at the Resolution of *Azem*. I must, said he to *Emanuel*, have a Conversation

versation in your Presence with your Patron : Tell him this Evening I will be with him. He in Effect came there, strengthen'd *Azem* in his Designs ; and having desir'd to see *Fatima* and *Zaide*, he found them both so thoroughly instructed in the *Christian* Religion, and perceiv'd so much Ardour in the last to receive the Sacrament of Baptism, that he thought it proper not to defer this holy Ceremony even to the next Day.

Emanuel no sooner found it lawful for him to aspire to the Possession of *Zaide*, than he remember'd *Azem* of his Promises. She is yours, my dear *Emanuel*, reply'd his Patron ; I consent that the Father should marry you this Moment, if it is practicable. *Father Gerson* inform'd them, it was necessary to defer for some Time that Satisfaction ; they consented to it, and the Week following he gave them the Nuptial Benediction, with a Certificate of their Marriage, which he advis'd them to conceal with the utmost Care till their Departure, which he would endeavour to effect.

To this End, he address'd himself to a Merchant with whom he corresponded, and caus'd him to make a Purchase in the

the Name of *Emanuel*, of a Vessel of thirty Tons, which he laded with all Provisions necessary for their Voyage. They carry'd on board this Vessel near three Millions, in Gold and Diamonds, in which consisted the Fortune of *Azem*: They were conceal'd in Barrels fill'd at each End with Butter. They ransom'd with some Money of the Patron eighteen *Christian* Slaves, who were to work the Ship; and at length, under the Pretext of a short Voyage of Pleasure, *Azem* having in the Morning conducted to this Ship his Wives, *Zaide*, *Emanuel*, and seven or eight of his Slaves, whom he knew to be strongly attach'd to him, he left the Port, without the least Suspicion of his Design; and the Winds were so favourable to him, that he arriv'd at *Marseilles* without any unfortunate Accident.

If *Azem*, *Fatima*, her Daughter, and Son-in-law, were in the Height of Joy during their Navigation, it was not so with *Fanoune* and *Irini* (which were the Names of the two other Wives of the Patron.) They soon perceiv'd they had quitted the Shore of *Barbary*, and were sailing to that of *Europe*. This afflicting
News

News threw them at first into a kind of Stupidity, which was succeeded by the most profound Affliction. They melted into Tears, and threw themselves continually at the Feet of *Azem*; What will become of us in a foreign Land, said they? You have, doubtless, quitted the Religion of *Mahomet*, to embrace that of the *Christians*; it does not permit you a Multiplicity of Wives: All your Favours are for *Fatima*, she deserves 'em, and we do not murmur at her: But it is with her that you will pass the rest of your Life in an Union which nothing can destroy; whilst we, perhaps, shall be regarded as vile Concubines, and Objects of Contempt, by those of your new Religion.

Azem, embarrass'd what Answer he should make to the just Complaints of his Wives, embrac'd them with Tenderness, and mingled his Tears with theirs; when one of the eighteen Slaves, whom he had ransom'd, and to whom he had given their Liberty, undertook to console these afflicted Beauties. As he was above eight Years in Chains at *Tunis*, and had but too much Time to learn the Language of the Country, he began
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in order to prejudice them in his Favour, by telling, that being a Priest, he was obliged, even at the Expence of his Life, to make known to them the Truths of his Religion; and having demonstrated to them with a supernatural Eloquence the Absurdities of the *Mahometan* Law, which he compar'd with the Purity required in ours, he by Degrees calm'd the Excess of their Sorrow, and afterwards brought them to be pleas'd with his Discourses. In fine, assisted by the good Dispositions and the Love they already had to Wisdom and Virtue, he was so happy to perswade them of the Truth of our Holy Religion, and make them desirous to embrace it.

The Ship being arriv'd at *Marseilles*, *Azem* repair'd to his Correspondent's House, who was extremely surpriz'd at his Arrival in *France*: He was still more so when he told him the Motives of his Voyage. In the Absence of the Bishop of *Marseilles*, *Azem* was directed to a Curate in that City, a Man of Learning and Probity. By the Conversations they had together, he easily perceiv'd he wanted not much Instruction: *Fatima* had so constantly convers'd with him upon the
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Subject of Religion, that he was not ignorant of any of the Myſteries of it: However, the Ceremonies of his Abjuration and Baptiſm were put off with thoſe of *Fanqune* and *Irimi* for a Month, when they were celebrated with uncommon Magnificence. The Day after this ſacred Action *Azem* eſpous'd *Fatima* in the Face of the Church; and by that Celebration legitimated the Birth of *Zaide*. The good Prieſt, who ſo greatly contributed to the Converſion of the two Wives of *Azem*, was too neceſſary a Witneſs not to ſign the Acts of Legitimation: But what was the Surprize of *Emanuel*, when caſting his Eyes upon his Signature, he ſaw his own Name! Did you come from near *Arles*, ſaid he to him? Yes, reply'd the Prieſt, my Father was the *Marquis de Corberon*, he treated me and my eldeſt Brother with ſo much Severity, that about twelve Years ſince we quitted for ever the Seat of our Family, without the leaſt Regret. As I had then taken the Habit of an *Abbé*, I reſolv'd, to go to *Rome*, in Hopes to make my Fortune there; I attach'd myſelf to the *Cardinal de San Severin*, who ſhew'd the utmoſt Goodneſs to me during the four Years

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I remain'd with him: He procur'd me the Order of Priesthood; and some Months before his Death, gave me a Benefice in the Marquisate of *Ancona*, which might be worth about fifteen hundred *Roman* Crowns yearly. Going by his Order to take Possession of it, I was too near our Lady of *Loretto*, not to pay my Devotions there; I went thither for that Purpose, and being inform'd there of the sudden Death of my Benefactor, I resolv'd to make a Tour into *France*, to see my Father once again: I embark'd for that Purpose, expecting soon to land at *Antibes*; but we were carry'd off on the third Day of our Navigation by *Corfsairs*, who convey'd us to *Tunis*: I was sold there to a Mechanick, who for eight Years made me suffer all that the Brutality of his Nature could suggest; and I expected to have finish'd my Days in this severe Captivity, when the Generosity of *Azem* unloos'd my Chains.

Emanuel listen'd to this Recital with the greatest Agitation: Ah! cry'd he when it was finish'd, how happy has this Day been to me! it has restor'd a Brother, of whom I had scarce the Idea

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left.

left. Yes, you see before your Eyes the youngest Son of the *Count de Corberon*. After having exhausted his Rigour upon me, this too severe Father obliged me also to resolve upon quitting my Family. Then embracing the good Father with the greatest Tenderness: Let us think of nothing now, my dear Brother, continued he, but returning Thanks to Heaven for the Favours it has conferr'd upon us: We will soon consider in what Manner we shall make our Arrival known to my Father; I flatter myself that we shall be able to appease his Resentment against us. But what is become of our elder Brother? Alas! return'd the Priest, he quitted *Rome* where we arriv'd together; and I have learnt that he went into *Portugal*, where he dy'd in the Service of that Crown.

As *Fanoune* and *Irini*, that they might be more strengthen'd in the pious Faith they receiv'd, had enter'd into a Retreat in the Convent of the *Ursulines* at *Marseilles*, by the Advice of *Mr. de Corberon* the Ecclesiastick; they were so edify'd with the holy Life of those pious *Religious*, that they declar'd, since they could no longer be the legitimate Companions
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of *Azem's* Life, they sincerely and earnestly desir'd to finish their Days in this House, if he would settle a Fund for their Establishment in it. This Proposition gave too great Pleasure to *Azem* not to accept of it : He settled twenty Thousand Francs upon the Convent for the Dowry of his two Wives, if they chose to be profess'd there ; and besides a Pension of a Thousand Francs yearly to each of them. You may imagine, *Madame*, that these *Religious* found too great Advantages in accepting *Fanoune* and *Irini* into their Convent, not to fortify them in their Resolution. In a few Months they took the Habit, and at the Termination of their Year were profess'd with great Satisfaction and Peace of Mind.

Whilst *Azem*, *Fatima*, *Emanuel* (whom I shall for the future call the *Count de Corberon*) and *Zaide* liv'd in great Happiness at *Marseilles*, *Mr. de Corberon* the Ecclesiastick took the Road to *Arles*, in order to repair to the Castle of his Father. Upon his Arrival there, he was surpriz'd to see a profound Melancholy in the whole Family. As he was not known by any of the domesticks, he

inform'd himself of the Reason of this Sorrow he perceiv'd in all their Faces. Alas ! *Monsieur*, said a kind of House-keeper melting into Tears, we have lost our Mistress about three Months, after having seen her two eldest Sons abandon the Castle many Years since, drove to that Extremity by the Severity and continual Ill-usage of their Father. She cou'd not support the Departure of the youngest, who was the dearest Object of her Affections. For these two Years that he has been absent, she has pass'd her Time in continual Sorrow. Her Tears mov'd the hard Heart of the *Marquis de Corberon*, he has spared no Enquiries to recover his Son : But all his Endeavours proving fruitless, the *Marchioness* exhausted with Grief could not survive his Loss. She dy'd, as I have told you ; and our Master was so afflicted at it, that detesting the Severity with which he treated his Children, he has given himself up to the most violent Chagrin. His continual Affliction has destroy'd his Health ; a Fever, which he has had without Intermission for six Weeks, has reduced him to the last Gasps ; he has just receiv'd the Sacraments of the Church,

and

and it is not expected he can live an Hour. Good Heaven ! cry'd the Ecclesiastick, what do I hear ! Perswade him to speak to me this Moment ; I bring him News of those Children, whom he thought lost for ever.

The House-keeper in Amazement introduced *Mr. de Corberon* into the Chamber of his Father, who had the Curate of the Village still along with him. He threw himself upon his Knees at the Bed-side ; Ah ! *Monsieur*, said he to him, must I see you again in this Situation ? Providence, to punish a Son, who abandon'd you for too frivolous Reasons, has doubtless rejected the Prayers, which in Quality of a Minister of Heaven I offer'd continually at the Altar for your Preservation. Yes, my Father, I am the second of your Children : Your last, after having been, as I have also, a Slave in *Barbary*, is now actually at *Marseilles*, in the most shining Fortune. Ah ! if he knew the cruel Situation I find you in, he would have been here with me : But I will send a Domestick to him immediately, whose Diligence and Exactness I am certain of ; and I hope he will arrive soon enough to restore by

his Presence a Life and Health which is equally precious to us both.

The *Marquis de Corberon*, who, tho' at the Extremity, enjoy'd his Understanding fully, at first look'd on his Son with Astonishment, and endeavour'd to recollect his Features : But at length remembering him perfectly, he held out his Arms to him, shedding Tears in Abundance ; Ah ! my dear Child, said he to him with a feeble Voice, how much your Presence consoles me ! God, who is just and righteous, and who punishes me for the Manner in which I treated you, does not permit me to see my youngest Child ; don't send Messengers to him, it will be in vain : I feel I have not many Hours to live ; since the Death of your Mother, given up to the most bitter Sorrow, I have languish'd, and am decay'd insensibly. May you both enjoy the Blessing of Heaven, is my most earnest Wish ! But you don't name your eldest Brother to me ; doubtless he finish'd his Life in Misery. No, *Monsieur*, return'd *Monsieur de Corberon*, he dy'd in the Field like a Man of Honour, in the Service of the *King of Portugal*. The gracious God be prais'd,
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continued the Marquis, and may he be merciful to him, and to me! May he abridge my Days, and prolong yours, and your Brother's. Adieu, my Son: Receive the Blessing and the last Embraces of a dying Father, who acknowledges the Wrong he did in using you with such Severity.

A Fainting at that Moment seiz'd him, which made them apprehend he was dying. The Curate drew near, comforted and encouraged him by a most pathetick and most Christian Discourse, upon the Fears he felt at appearing before the Sovereign Judge. The Count then made his Son approach, embrac'd him with the greatest Tenderneſs, conjur'd him not to forget him in his Prayers; and after addreſſing himſelf with the greateſt Fervency to the Almighty, he expired in the Arms of his Son, almoſt imploring his Forgiveneſs.

'Tis eaſy to imagine the afflicted Situation of that worthy Eccleſiaſtick. After having given a free Vent to his Tears, and paid the laſt Duties to his Father, he took Care of the moſt valuable Effects, gave his Orders for the Regulation of the Eſtate and the Caſtle,

and return'd to *Marseilles*, where this melancholy News gave the highest Concern to the *Count de Corberon*. When Time had dissipated the Affliction of the Count, he gave himself wholly up to the Tenderness and Affection he had for the Beauteous *Zaide*.

Azem had purchas'd several considerable Estates round *Marseilles*, in *Provence*, *Dauphiny* and *Languedoc*; and for fifteen Years enjoy'd the most uninterrupted Prosperity: But at length *Fatima* falling dangerously ill, all the Art of the Physicians could not preserve her; she dy'd, and *Azem* was so touch'd with the Loss of a Wife of such uncommon Merit, that, sinking under his Grief, he surviv'd her only four Months. However resign'd the Count and *Zaide* were to the Will of Heaven, they could not without great Difficulty submit to its Decrees on this unhappy Occasion: But at length Time had begun to soften their Affliction, when *Zaide* dy'd in Child-Birth of two Children, whose Fate was as unhappy as their Mother's, since they liv'd no longer than to receive the Sacrament of Baptism.

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The *Count de Corberon* almost lost the Use of Reason at so cruel an Event ; it is impossible to represent the Situation he was in. Religion only, and the Presence of his Brother, who was then at *Marseilles*, could have supported him under so terrible a Shock. Two Sons who were left him by his dear *Zaide* were his only Consolation : He apply'd himself to give them the best Education possible ; and those amiable Youths, the eldest of whom was near sixteen, and the second fifteen, answer'd his Expectations so perfectly, that nothing could equal the Tenderness he felt for them.

It was near two Years after the Death of *Zaide*, when the *Count* was one Night agitated by a Dream, which gave him the greatest Inquietude ; he imagin'd himself again in the Habit of a *Recollet* : The Adventure with *Eleonora* retraced itself once more in his Imagination, but the Consequences of it appear'd so confus'd, so dismal, and so terrifying, that awakening with a Start, it was with great Difficulty he recover'd himself from the Trouble occasion'd by this Dream. From that Moment he enjoy'd not one Hour's Repose, either by Day or Night ? this

unfortunate Lady was continually present before his Eyes, pale, and disfigur'd, and reproaching him with his Crime. As the *Count* conceal'd nothing from his Brother, who had never quitted him since his Widowhood, he made no Secret to him of the melancholy Situation he was in. That pious Ecclesiastick, surpriz'd to the last Degree at the Recital of this Adventure, which his Brother had never before spoke to him of, tho' he could not hear it without feeling a Horror at the Crime; yet at the deep Repentance he express'd he gave him some Consolation; But perceiving all his Remonstrances were usefess, and only heighten'd his Grief: Well then, my dear Brother, said he, let us go to the Place where your *Eleonora* dy'd; let us inform ourselves of the Place of her Interrment, and found a perpetual Service there for her Repose; that may, perhaps, be what these Dreams require of you.

The *Count* accepted the Proposition with Pleasure. They took Post with one *Valet de Chambre*, and arriv'd early the next Day at the Village, of which *Monsieur de Riberac* was the Lord. *Mr. de Gerberon* could not perceive the Castle
and

and the Convent where he had liv'd, without shedding Tears in Abundance. Ah! my dear Brother, cry'd he, 'tis in this Place, (which I have profan'd by the most enormous Crime) that I ought to begin by the most earnest Prayers to endeavour to expiate it: Then taking the Road to the Monastery, he desir'd, upon his Arrival there, he might speak with the Superior: They conducted him to his Apartment; and there, without entering into any Detail, he testify'd to him his Desire of founding perpetual Prayers for the Repose of a Person, whose Memory was dear to him; and for that Effect he offer'd him the Sum of Ten Thousand Francs. The Superior receiv'd the two Brothers with great Politeness. We are not permitted, said he to them, to receive Money; when we have settled our Agreement, you must be pleas'd, *Monsieur*, to send it to our Temporal Father, who will keep it till with that Sum we can join to our Monastery a Farm of some Value, which has been several times offer'd to us: but till now we have been under an Impossibility of purchasing, for want of Cash. You are in the right, return'd the *Count*; my

Grief has took away my Reason: I, who have liv'd near seven Months in this House, ought not to have been ignorant of this Custom. You have been of this House! at what Time? and how long is it since you quitted it? reply'd the Guardian: It is now fifteen Years since I came here, and I do not recollect you. It is full Twenty since I went from hence, return'd the Count: An epidemic Disease, which then reign'd in the Province, had left us only four Religious in the Convent, and myself, who aspir'd to be one: But the Apprehension of so great a Danger of Death affrighted me, I quitted them, and doubt not but they were all at length carry'd off by that malignant Disease, which had taken away the rest. You are mistaken, *Monsieur*, said the Superior, not one of them dy'd at that Time: Three of them have ceas'd to live within these five Years; and we have still one, who, tho' he is now Eighty-six, enjoys perfect Health, excepting a Rheumatism, which has detain'd him in his Chamber for three Days. And how is he call'd? demanded the Count. *Father Timothy*, reply'd the Guardian. At this Name the
Count

Count stood in Need of his utmost Presence of Mind to conceal the violent Agitation he felt. This Father was he who was in his Time Master of the Novices, and the very Person who accompany'd him to *Eleonora*. I wish extremely I might see this good Religious, and converse with him alone, said he. The Thing is very easy, resumed the Superior; you shall be conducted immediately to his Chamber, whilst this Gentleman who is with you, stays here with me; and I hope you will be so good as to accept of a Dinner in the Convent.

The *Count* went up trembling to the Apartment of *Father Timothy*. After the usual Civilities, having ask'd him if he did not remember to have seen him formerly? No, *Monsieur*, return'd he, I do not; and yet your Voice and your Features are not unknown to me; I endeavour, but in vain, to recollect my Ideas of you. Ah! my Father, reply'd the *Count*, can you have entirely forgot *Brother Saturnin*, who was your Novice; and who was obliged to quit this Place, by the Sickness which then reign'd here? Are you *Brother Saturnin*? cry'd *Father Timothy*; and was it you with whom, some Months

Months before you left the Convent, that I pass'd the Night in the Castle of *Monsieur de Riberac* ? It was me, reply'd the *Count*, casting down his Eyes. Ah ! Wretch, cry'd the good old Man, it was you then, who dishonouring Humanity, committed an Action, the Remembrance of which still fills me with Horror ! what Motive can have brought you to this Place again ? The *Count* could not support these just Reproaches : He threw himself at his Feet, bath'd in Tears. You cannot, said he, employ too severe Expressions to cover me with the Confusion I deserve ; I am a Wretch unworthy of finding Favour before you : But there is above a God of Mercy and Compassion ; a sincere Repentance for my Crime will obtain a Pardon : I am but too conscious how cruelly I have offended : But since you appear so fully instructed of my Weakness, inform me, at least, what were the fatal Consequences of it. For not to recall to my Memory the Death of the unhappy Victim of my Guilt ; I know she has lost her Life, and I have Reason to believe it was by giving Birth to the wretched Fruit of my Crime. Alas ! I arriv'd too late ;
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she expir'd at the very Moment when I flew from the Shore of *Barbary* to repair my Fault : I hoped, by the Assistance of a splendid Fortune, to have obtain'd my dear *Eleonora*. Thou didst not permit it, gracious God ! my Tears, my Sighs, and my Despair did not move thee ; and I was suffer'd to live, only to bear in my Bosom incessantly a Remorse which has left me no Repose, whatever Situation I have been in : And thou, unhappy Child ! what is become of thee ? Didst thou lose the Light at thy first receiving it ? Did thy criminal Birth deprive thee of Life ? Or, dost thou languish in Misery and Obscurity, worse than Death itself ? Ah ! my Father, I can no longer support these cruel Ideas : I feel I sink under them, and my Strength is quite exhausted.

This good Religious, extremely moved, thought it improper to call any Person to the Assistance of the *Count*, who fainted away ; he exerted all his Strength to recall him to Life : By Force of Applications he open'd his Eyes, and seeing the Pains *Father Timothy* was taking for him ; Ah ! let me die, cry'd he, give me only the spiritual Assistance I
stand

stand in Need of : 'Tis all that is exacted from your Goodness by an unhappy Wretch, who demands of God no more Time than is necessary to found a perpetual Service for the unfortunate *Eleonora*. My dear Child, return'd *Father Timothy*, you was telling me this Moment, that there was Above a Supreme Being, whose Mercy was boundless and infinite, he pardons the greatest Sinners, provided they are sincerely penitent. That God of Compassion has not lost Sight of you ; your Tears, doubtless, have touch'd him ; since he has conducted you hither by his Hand, to be instructed by me in the Consequences of your unhappy Frailty : Know then, not only the Daughter to whom *Eleonora* gave Birth, is in a Situation not to want Support ; but *Eleonora* also is still living, notwithstanding the Reports which were at that Time spread abroad of her Death.

Is *Eleonora* not dead, and her Daughter still alive ? cry'd the *Count de Corberon*. Oh ! Heaven, can this be Truth ? and shall I be so happy to obtain from that wrong'd Innocent the Pardon of my Fault ? Ah ! my dear Father, you endeavour

deavour to flatter me. No, my Son, resum'd the Religious, I have told you the sincere Truth. *Eleonora* found herself in so cruel a Situation at her Delivery, that for above twelve Hours she was suppos'd dead; and that Report was spread abroad thro' the whole Quarter, tho' the Cause of it was not known. You may ask me, my dear Child, how I know these Facts, I will inform you; *Eleonora*, after the epidemical Distemper she had in the Castle of the *Marquis de Ribera* her Father, and which occasion'd her being imagin'd dead, enjoy'd for some Time a perfect Health; when by Degrees it appear'd greatly disorder'd; she felt all the Accidents of a Woman with Child, without having the least Imagination from whence they proceeded. At length the Physician who attended her, and who was my Brother, after having several Times interrogated her upon her Condition, without her making any Confession, thought himself obliged to make it known to her Mother. It is impossible to express the Amazement of that Lady. The Answers of her Daughter gave her no Instruction: But at length, fully convinc'd of the Truth

Truth of what my Brother told her, she could no longer conceal so afflicting a Discovery from her Husband. Whatever Precautions she used in acquainting him with it, he would in the first Moments of his Fury have sacrificed his Daughter to his just Resentment: But at length, when his Rage was something appeas'd, he resolv'd, at least, to revenge himself upon the Author of his Dishonour. *Eleonora* could not inform him who he was, she was ignorant of it herself. Brought up in the greatest Purity and Innocence by a prudent Mother, who never quitted her, she look'd on the Situation she was in as a natural Disorder, to which all other Persons of her Sex and Age were subject; and her Answers, when interrogated on that Head, were always founded upon the most perfect Ignorance. At length, after many useless Enquiries, not knowing when Assistance might be wanted; as *Monsieur de Riberrac* never resided at the Castle in the Winter, they resolv'd, according to their annual Custom, to go to *St. Paul*. They took all the necessary Precautions to assure themselves of a faithful Midwife, and

and my Brother procur'd them one of inviolable Secrecy. I have already told you, that, notwithstanding her Art and Experience, *Eleonora* was suppos'd for a considerable Time to be dead: She was at length deliver'd in that Extremity; the Midwife carry'd off, unperceiv'd, the Daughter which she brought into the World; she carry'd it to be nurs'd two Leagues from *St. Paul*, and the utmost Care was taken to pay with Exactness, and send every Thing that might be necessary for the Child, without ever discovering to whom it belong'd.

When *Eleonora* was entirely recover'd, the violent Anger of her Father, and the Sorrow of her Mother convinc'd her she must have offended dreadfully; and she conjur'd them to tell her the Occasion of it; as her Mother no longer made a Mystery of it to her, she explain'd very minutely what it was, and her unhappy Daughter felt the most excessive Despair. I am dishonour'd then for ever, said she, without knowing by whom! and without having known what it was to be vicious: I am look'd upon to be the most infamous of Women! Ah!
how

how can this be possible? Great God, thou who seest my Innocence, and can penetrate into my Heart, grant I may have the Justice I deserve; and permit the Author of my Misfortunes to be discover'd, and punish'd as he deserves. Penetrated with the greatest Sorrow, she often repeated these Discourses in the Presence of her Mother; till at length this afflicted Lady computing the Time in which her Daughter lay in, and that in which she was so ill in the Castle, and finding it to be exactly nine Months: Oh! Heaven! cry'd she, what dreadful Suspicions rise in my Mind! Ah! the more I reflect on it, the more I perceive a Villany, which makes me shudder: Who then can we trust for the future? After having communicated her Reflexions to her Husband, they both of them came to this Monastery, and demanded to speak to me.

I saw such an Alteration in their Faces, that I knew not what to think of the Motives of this Visit: They desir'd me to inform them of the true Name of the young Novice, who was with me in the Castle, when their Daughter was attack'd with the epidemical Disease, and where
he

he was? I answer'd them, that he then bore the Name of *La Belin*; but that since he quitted the Habit of our Order, which was about ten Months, we were inform'd that was not his real Name: as to the rest, the Fear of Death, which banish'd him from the House, I presum'd, drove away those good Dispositions which then appear'd in him; for since that Time he never let me hear from him. Ah! he is a Monster, cry'd *Monfr. de Riberac*; suffer us, my Father, to deposit in your Bosom all the Bitterness of our Hearts. He then unbosom'd to me the Misfortune of his Daughter, and prov'd clearly to me you must be the Author of it. I remain'd in an Astonishment not to be express'd. I consoled as much as possible these worthy Parents, who had so just a Cause of Affliction; and I presum'd this fatal Event was the Motive of quitting the Convent. I especially interested their Consciences, in taking the greatest Care of *Eleonora's* Daughter, and represented to them, that perhaps, one Day he, who was her Father, repenting of his Crime, might repair their Honour, and demand an Account of his Child.

Child. They assured me they had taken that Resolution before ; and tho' they were under an indispensable Obligation to conceal its Condition, they would never abandon it.

Monfieur and *Madame de Riberac* were still with me in the Parlour, when a worthy Ecclesiastick of *St. Paul* desir'd to speak with me : He took me aside : I have receiv'd from a certain Person Eight Thousand Francs in Gold, said he, to found a perpetual Service for the Soul of *Mademoiselle Eleonora*, Daughter to the *Marquis de Riberac*. This Person, who was inform'd she was dead, was struck with so violent a Despair, that he has been at the last Extremity : His Youth has preserv'd him from the Arms of Death. He is departed from hence, after having left me this in Trust ; and given me to understand he should embark for *Barbary*. I did not learn till Yesterday *Eleonora* was still alive, and I then resolv'd to remit you the Sum and desire you to convey it to her Parents : This is all, my Father, I have to inform you of. It was almost Night the Ecclesiastick, whose Features I could not well distinguish, put into my Hands
very

very weighty Purse, and disappear'd,
without staying for my Answer.

Astonishment and Surprise render'd
me immoveable; I could not imagine
so considerable a Sum could come from
you, and I cannot still comprehend it.
However that may be, I return'd im-
mediately to the *Marquis de Riberac*;
Behold one of the visible Strokes of Pro-
vidence, *Monsieur*, said I; the Ecclesi-
astick, who came to ask for me, has
deliver'd me this Purse, in which he
says there are Eight Thousand Francs:
They are destin'd for you, since your
Daughter is living, and will serve for
the Education and Support of the In-
fant, who owes her Life to her. I then
related to them what this worthy Eccle-
siastick told me, and obliged them to
receive the Sum. We were then to re-
gulate in what Manner we should settle
this for the Child's Subsistence; I pro-
pos'd to them one of my Nieces, who
was left a Widow without Children;
her Name was *Bontemps*: She in a man-
ner adopted the Child: The Money was
put out under her Name, and she made
a Donation of it to the Infant, reserving
the Propriety to herself, in case it dy'd
with-

without Posterity. My Niece was of an excellent and humane Temper; at three Years old, she took the little Girl from its Nurse, and carry'd it with her to a Sister of her's at *Paris*: There she dy'd. The Child, who always bore the Name of its adopted Mother, is now, *Monsieur*, actually in *England*, in the Family of the *Countess of Sussex*, natural Daughter to the King. This is all that concerns your Daughter; now let us return to *E-leonora*: Press'd by the deepest Affliction, in about six Months, she desired Leave to retire to a Cloister; she obtain'd Permission with great Difficulty; and for near twenty Years has liv'd there with extreme Regularity, but without entering into any Engagements.

Madame L'Esprevier here making a Pause, I remain'd in Admiration at so many wonderful Events; Ah! *Madame*, resum'd I, you have scarce told me any thing of what touches me most: What is become of my unfortunate Mother? (since the *Count de Corberon* has been inform'd she was alive) Is she still ignorant that he was the Cause of her Misfortunes? Have they seen each other? Has my Father at length restored her

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Honour? Not yet, *Mademoiselle*, return'd *Madame L'Esprevier*: The Count de Corberon, your Father, thinks he cannot present himself to her without you; he hopes Nature will act so powerfully in her Heart, that she will not be able (at the Request of so amiable a Daughter) to refuse him the Pardon of his Crime, and the Hand which he demands. And what prevents me then from departing this Moment, cry'd I? I burn with Impatience to embrace this unhappy Mother, to whom my Birth has given so many Sorrows: You won't refuse, *Madame*, to accompany me upon so necessary an Occasion?

Madam L'Esprevier was going to answer me, when they brought her a Letter from the Post; she open'd it with Precipitation, and had scarce read it over before she gave a loud Cry: Ah! *Mademoiselle*, said she, you was very near losing your Father the very Moment you found him. As he design'd to surprize you, I have not told you, he was at *Paris*, waiting your Arrival, and went some Days ago to *Versailles*; he was to have return'd yesterday, and you must have perceiv'd my Inquisite all the

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Even,

Evening, and this Morning; here are four Lines he has writ to me, in which he tells me, that being yesterday on the great Canal in a Gondola, he unhappily fell in, and must have been drowned, but for the Assistance of an Officer who leap'd into the Water, and sav'd his Life. This is what has prevented him from being here, according to his Promise; and he desires me to come to the Sign of *Flora*, in the Place of *Versailles*; and supposes, if you are arriv'd, you will accompany me thither. Ah! with the greatest Pleasure, reply'd I, cover'd with Tears; let us go, without deferring a Moment. We immediately procured an easy Coach to bring him back; and in less than two Hours we arriv'd at *Versailles*, to the House which he had named.

Madame L'Esprevier was scarce able to keep up with me. I enter'd, follow'd by her, into the Chamber where we were conducted; and finding there a Man of about two and thirty in an Easy Chair by the Fire; I ran, and threw myself at his Feet, and seiz'd with so many different Emotions, without being able to pronounce one Word, I fainted away in
his

his Arms. I am ignorant, *Madame*, of what pass'd at that Moment in the Heart of the *Count de Corberon* : I know only, when I came to myself, I found his Face press'd close to mine, and both of them cover'd with Tears. Nothing could be more moving than this Scene. I was in the Room near an Hour before I saw any Object that was in it but the *Count* ; I kiss'd his Hands with the most excessive Tenderness : he was never tired with looking upon me, and giving me the most affectionate Caresses. At length, having by Chance cast my Eyes upon a Man who sat by the Window, I was amaz'd to see it was *Monsieur de la Pâtrière* : *Monsieur*, said I to him with the last Astonishment, by what Accident do I see you here ? Do you know this worthy Man ? said my Father to me earnestly. Yes, *Monsieur*, said I blushing, and casting down my Looks ; I owe my Honour and my Life to him : he at the Hazard of his own, in my Return from *England*, prevented me from being robb'd of both by a Band of Thieves. Oh ! Heaven, cry'd the *Count*, it was he also who yesterday again risk'd his Life to save mine. Ah ! *Monsieur*,

continued he addressing himself to him, what Obligations have I to you ! and how can I return them !

Monsieur de la Pastriere receiv'd these Thanks with great Modesty : If I have been so happy to do you any Service, my Lord, or that Lady, whom I find with Astonishment to be your Daughter, I am obliged to my happy Fate for it, said he ; any other Person would have done the same ; but no one could have felt more Joy than I do at having contributed to the Preservation of your Days : They are so valuable to me, that I would prolong them both, if it was possible, at the Expence of my own. I understand you, return'd my Father, holding out his Hand to him ; I am charm'd to find it in my Power to return the essential Obligations we both have to you. The Silence and Confusion of my Daughter convinces me of the Situation of her Heart : I believe you worthy of her, since you have been capable of deserving her Regard ; and I shall make neither of you languish any longer than is necessary to prepare every Thing for your Happiness. *Monsieur de la Pastriere*, at the Heighth of Joy, threw

threw himself at the Knees of my Father, who rais'd him up, and embrac'd him tenderly. As to me, *Madame*, I confess to you frankly, I durst not lift up my Eyes to the *Count*. *Madame de L'Esprevier*, who till that Moment had scarce open'd her Mouth, deliver'd me out of this Embarrass. *Monsieur de la Pastriere* is of a good Family, said she to my Father; and as to his Quality, he is not unworthy of your Alliance: But Fate has not been so favourable to him, as to make his Fortune equal to his Birth. *Madame*, return'd my Father, interrupting her, I am extremely pleas'd, he is a Man of Distinction: But the Services he has done us are essential enough to have made me overlook those cammerical Advantages, if he had not been of illustrious Birth: We receive that from our Ancestors, and they are too often dishonour'd by those who bear their Names: and without informing myself of the Possessions of *Monsieur de la Pastriere*, since he is the Choice of my Daughter, I design, by uniting them, to make him a Fortune above his Hopes. Ah! my Lord, said *De la Pastriere* respectfully, grant me your charming

Daughter, I desire no more ; my highest Wishes are fulfill'd in that.

You may imagine, *Madame*, tho' upon this Occasion Modesty obliged me to be silent, I was not the least interested Person ; I thought, however, Decency required me to make the *Count* sensible how grateful I was for all his Goodness to me ; I did so in the best Manner I could. He again embrac'd me with extreme Tenderness, and assured us our Presence had intirely recover'd him. In Effect, the little Fears which seiz'd him from the Fright, and the Water he had swallow'd, disappear'd at our Arrival ; and a Physician, whom we brought with us, having inform'd us, that he would be in a Condition to return to *Paris* the next Morning, we pass'd the rest of the Day in the highest Satisfaction : We supp'd, and lay at *Versailles* ; and I may say, I never knew so happy a Night : I found a Parent, tender, affectionate, immensely rich, and who approv'd the Choice I made of a Lover. Ah ! *Madame*, what an Excess of Happiness !

It had no Interruptions but from the Reflexions I made on the melancholy Situation of my Mother. Whilst we revel

vel in Joy and Pleasure, said I within myself, that unhappy Lady, given up to the bitterest Affliction, has near twenty Years pass'd her Nights and Days in the profoundest Sorrow. These Imaginations took me up a great Part of the Night, till at last weary'd with Watching, I fell into a deep and undisturb'd Sleep, which lasted some Hours, when *Madame de L'Esprevier* awak'd me. Do you know, *Mademoiselle*, said she to me, it is almost Noon, and the *Count*, who has just determin'd we shall return after Dinner to *Paris*, has been regulating the most proper Manner to conduct you to *St. Paul*? He desires me to be one of the Company, and notwithstanding the disorder'd Health you know I have, I was not able to refuse him. We depart three Days hence in Post-Chaises, and *Monsieur de la Pastriere* is to be of the Party.

My Heart leap'd with Joy, and I have not Words expressive enough to make you conceive the Happiness of my Situation. All the Projects of my Father were executed. We arriv'd at *St. Paul*, and according to the Plan which he form'd, and was approv'd of by *Father Timothy*,

motby, to whom he communicated it. *Madame de L'Esprevier* conducted me to the Convent where *Mademoiselle de Ribera*c was, and we were admitted, I under the Name of *Mademoiselle de Corberon*, and she as my Governess.

You are not ignorant, *Madame*, what it is to enter a Cloister : all the *Religious* and the Pensioners are extremely curious to see those that are newly arriv'd. I receiv'd from them all a most obliging Welcome, and did what was in my Power to prejudice them in my Favour, by all the Caresses and Politeness imaginable. I paid a Visit to each in particular. It was Lady Abbess's Favourite Nun who introduc'd me to them ; and after having conducted me to the young Persons of my own Age : Now, said she, I shall introduce you into the Apartment of the eldest Pensioner ; I find in you a great deal of her Air and Behaviour, who, tho' she is not above five and thirty, and does not appear to be so much, yet has resided with us above nineteen Years : She is extremely amiable, has a Sweetness of Temper, and a pious Disposition, which both enchants, and edifies the whole Community ; and if she can be

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reproach'd with any Thing, 'tis for giving herself up too often to a profound Melancholy : We are ignorant of the Subject of it ; but she must have met with some violent Chagrin in her Youth.

All these Discourses pain'd me to the Heart, without my daring either to shew it, or express too great an Eagerness to assure her of my Regard. At length, *Madame*, I came to the Apartment, and stood in Need of all the Instructions the *Count* had given me, not to discover the respectful Tendernefs I felt in my Heart at her Sight : She was occupy'd in designing a Pattern for Embroidery, when we enter'd the Room ; and rising to meet us, receiv'd me in the most obliging Manner : I believe I have already told you, *Madame*, I embroider'd well, and play'd upon several Instruments. After a Conversation of half an Hour, during which this amiable Person never took her Eyes off me, I took the Liberty to tell her, that having some little Taste for Embroidery and Designing, and seeing a *Theorbe* in her Apartment, which was an Instrument I understood, I begg'd her to permit me to come sometimes, and share in her Work and Amusements :

She receiv'd my Offers with much Politeness; and being willing to shew her what I was capable of, I embroider'd a little Flower with so much Elegance she was charm'd. If you touch the *Theorbe* with as much Delicacy as you manage the Needle, said she, you must have great Skill in Musick. Give me Leave, *Mademoiselle*, I will immediately make you a Judge of it, reply'd I. I took the Instrument, which was in Tune, and play'd a kind of Prelude, the Musick of which was so serious and melancholy, that perceiving it inspir'd her with a Gloom, I on a sudden changed the Air, and gave her an *Allegro* from one of the best Masters: I touch'd this with so much Taste, and such a Lightness of Execution, that *Mademoiselle de Riberac*, who understood Musick perfectly, rising with an Emotion of Tenderness she could not conquer, came to embrace me. Nothing can be better perform'd, said she, you must have early a strong Inclination to Musick, and continual Instructions, to be able to excel in this Manner. *Mademoiselle*, reply'd I, these are Talents I receiv'd by Birth from a Mother, who excell'd in them; and they have never given

given me so much Pleasure as now finding them agreeable to you. In fine, *Madame*, for the first Visit, I was above two Hours with that dear and charming Woman, who appear'd not the least tired with my Conversation.

As she had desir'd me at our parting to come as often as I could possibly; and my sole Design being to please her, I fail'd not the next Day to assure her of the extreme Pleasure I felt in her Company: I was receiv'd with the greatest Affability and Tenderness. My dear Child, said she, embracing me affectionately, I have thought of you the whole Night; and have conceiv'd so ardent a Friendship for you in this little Time, that I am astonish'd at it: are you willing to grant me yours? Ah, *Made-moiselle*, cry'd I, what happy Sympathy reigns between us! I should have been inconsolable, if you had look'd upon me yesterday with Indifference; and am ravish'd with the most exquisite Joy, hearing from yourself that you approve of the tender and respectful Deference I shall for my whole Life observe to you.

Mademoiselle de Riberac redoubled her Caresses on the Assurances I gave her of my Tenderness ; and during the fifteen Days I remain'd in the Convent I scarce ever quitted her. What Pleasure did I not feel, *Madame*, at perceiving the Progress I made in the Bosom of my Mother ! The Moment I enter'd her Apartment, her Eyes were fix'd upon me for the whole Time of my Stay ; and I often surpriz'd her in Tears as she look'd on me. I feign'd at first not to perceive it ; but at length, unable to excuse myself from shewing a Sensibility at her Grief, without appearing too indifferent : Ah ! *Mademoiselle*, said I, you weep ! May I be permitted, without seeming imprudent, to enquire the Cause of your Sorrow ? I am struck with it, and beg you would believe I share it with you. My dear Child, reply'd *Mademoiselle de Riberac* seeing my Tears begin to flow, I am very sorry I should afflict you : The melancholy Remembrance of a cruel Event which has imbitter'd my whole Life, often gives me up to Reflexions I cannot overcome : I am ignorant why you recall them so often to my Memory ; but excuse me from say-

saying any more, and suffer me to bury in eternal Silence, the Cause of my Misfortunes. She could not finish these Words without an universal Trembling that alarm'd me. I threw myself into her Arms; we remain'd for half an Hour embrac'd, without saying one Word; and I found myself so mov'd with the Situation we were in, that without the express Commands of the *Count de Corberon*, I should never have had Strength enough at that Moment to conceal myself. I saw with the highest Satisfaction Nature spoke to her in my Favour; I inform'd my Father of it, I hid nothing from him that pass'd between us, and let him know how difficult it would be for me to act this Part much longer.

During this he lost no Time in presenting his Duty to *Monsieur* and *Madame de Riberac*. *Father Timothy* having us'd all the necessary Precautions in disclosing to them so interesting an Affair, did at last obtain from them a Promise, they would forgive the Fault of the *Count de Corberon*, use no Reproaches to him, and would perswade the r Daughter to seal his Pardon by Marriage, which

which should give her a Satisfaction equal to the Sorrow she had so long undergone. When they had regulated their Agreements, the good *Religious* conducted my Father to the Castle: He threw himself at the Feet of *Monfieur de Riberac*, who rais'd him up, and embrac'd him; *Madame de Riberac* did the same. You fully repair the Injury you have done us, said they, and we totally forget it: We are not ignorant, from the Relation of *Father Timothy*, that it was not in your Power to do this sooner, and we allow of your good Intentions: What we have now to do is to concert together in what Manner we shall make this happy News known to our Daughter. Permit us, *Monfieur*, reply'd my Father submissively, to continue the Scheme we have design'd: Nature has already begun the Work; suffer her, with your Permission, to finish it. *Father Timothy* has not yet told you, that the Child whom you caus'd to be brought up under the Name of *Bontemps*; is now in this Province, and has been near fifteen Days in the Convent with *Mademoiselle de Riberac*: She has been so happy as to gain her Tenderness, without discovering herself:

To-

To-morrow, with your Permission, I shall go and instruct her in what is further to be done; and will return, and give you an Account of our Designs. Act as you think proper on this Occasion, said *Madame de Riberac* to him with Kindness; and as soon as you can with Convenience bring us that Child, who is become more dear to us now we can with Honour own her to be our Grandchild.

My Father, after having pass'd the rest of the Day and the following Night in the Castle, and receiv'd a Thousand Proofs of Affection and Goodness from *Monsieur* and *Madame de Riberac*, departed the next Day, and repair'd to the Convent, as he inform'd me in his last Letter. When they came to bring me Word he was below, I was with *Mademoiselle de Riberac*, and I express'd so much Pleasure at this News, that it excited her Curiosity. You love this dear Father extremely then? said she. Yes, *Mademoiselle*, return'd I with Vivacity; and I love him still more, as he is this Moment endeavouring to make me entirely happy. I apprehend you, reply'd *Mademoiselle de Riberac*, I must lose you then.

then! Ah! why did I ever see you, or love you so dearly? You don't comprehend what I mean, resum'd I; I am so far from designing to leave you, that I shall conjure my Father's Leave to pass my whole Life with you; and if he makes any Difficulties, oblige me so far, *Mademoiselle*, as to go to the Parlour: Two Words from you will obtain every Thing from a Father, who is thoroughly sensible of the Obligations I owe you, and the Goodness you have shewn me: I took Care in all my Letters to inform him of it. Well then, my dear Child, reply'd she with Emotion, let us go and receive the Caresses of so lov'd a Father: In less than a quarter of an Hour I'll follow you to the Grate.

I flew to the Parlour. *Monsieur*, said I to him with a low Voice, that I might not be overheard; all succeeds according to our Wishes. My Mother will appear in a few Moments: You will find her a Thousand times more amiable than the Description I gave of her in my Letters. Ah! my Child! reply'd the *Count de Corberon*, what a Crisis is this to me! To-morrow I must be either at the Height of Happiness, if *Mademoiselle*
de

de Ribérac consents to accept my Hand; or overwhelm'd with Misery, if she refuses it, or receives it in a manner that makes me believe I owe it only to Obedience. I reasur'd my Father, as to his Inquietudes, by the Character of *Mademoiselle de Ribérac*, which I had thoroughly study'd; and our Conversation began to be less serious, when she presented herself in the Parlour.

I remark'd that Moment in the Face of my Father a Thousand different Emotions, which soon gave Place to the Surprize he felt at seeing *Mademoiselle de Ribérac* so charming a Woman. *Monsieur*, said she to him taking her Seat, I could not hear that the Father of so amiable a Child was at the Grate, without coming to congratulate his Happiness in her! But by the Manner that she has spoke to me in, I apprehend we are soon to lose her. Ah! *Monsieur*, defer that Stroke as long as you can possibly, I conjure you! It is true, *Madame*, reply'd my Father with a broken Voice, my Intention is to fetch my Daughter from the Convent To-morrow, for an Affair which is of the last Consequence to me; and of no less Concern than the
Re-

Repose of my whole Life. I have the Misfortune to be separated from her Mother, whom I adore: There are strenuous Endeavours us'd to reunite us. I allow I was in the Wrong, and this charming Person has a just Reason for her Anger against me: I doubt not but through Obedience to those, to whom she owes her Life, she will consent to pardon my Error; but I am resolv'd not to employ their Authority in this Affair: I know how much she loves her Daughter; and I desire by her Means only, and a sincere Repentance, to obtain a Pardon, which I would purchase at the Expence of all my Blood, if necessary. Consider, *Mademoiselle*, whether in these Circumstances I can excuse myself from taking her hence? No, *Adonfeur*, return'd *Mademoiselle de Riberac*, livelily touch'd with the Tone my Father spoke in, and with the Tears she saw fall from his Eyes: I feel of what Weight must be the Prayers and the Tears of this dear Child; the Soul of a Tigress only could refuse her the Pardon you so justly deserve. Would I had any Influence over the Heart of this irritated Mother! you should see me employ myself with all
 ima-

imaginable Ardour. I am so sensible of your Goodness, *Mademoiselle*, reply'd my Father, and the Tenderness you have honour'd my Daughter with, that I protest, if the Accommodation which I hope for takes Place, I will restore her to you, and she shall remain with you as long as you preserve that tender Friendship with which you now honour her. *Monsieur*, reply'd *Mademoiselle de Riberrac* with the greatest Earnestness, I shall make the most ardent Prayers for your Reconciliation : I am now too nearly interested in it to neglect them : But this dear Mother, can she deprive herself of so amiable a Child ? Ah, *Mademoiselle*, then cry'd I, let us now think only of my Father's Happiness ; God will dispose of the rest, and I flatter myself all our Wishes will soon be granted.

After an Hour's Conversation, the *Count de Corberon* took his Leave, telling me, that the next Day at Nine in the Morning he should send for me and my Governess to be conducted to *St. Paul*. If he quitted the Parlour enchanted with my Mother, who was that Day excessively amiable, and appear'd no more than my eldest Sister ; she on her Side was
mov'd

mov'd with his unhappy Situation, struck with his noble Mien, and extremely curious to know the Cause of his Misfortune. My dear Child, said she to me, your Mother must have been cruelly offended, not to yield to your Prayers, and Tears of your Father. I am ignorant, *Mademoiselle*, reply'd I, of the Nature and Occasion of this Misintelligence: I know only that my Father always allow'd he was in the Wrong. I flatter myself to succeed in this Reunion between my Mother and him; and I feel, if I don't obtain this from her Tenderness, and the Goodness of her Heart, I cannot survive it: Yes, *Mademoiselle*, I shall certainly die with Sorrow. As I then held one of her Hands between mine, I could not forbear kissing it tenderly, and watering it with my Tears. She was so mov'd at it, that she spar'd nothing to reassure me, and make me hope a happy Issue of my Father's Schemes. I did not quit her the whole Day; she even persuaded *Madame L'Esprevier* to let me pass the Night with her; and the next Day, the Hour of my Departure being come, she embrac'd me with the greatest Excess of Fondness. Go, my dear Child,

said

said she, God will bless your Endeavours ; I wish it with my whole Heart, and I have a Presage within me, that I shall not be long without seeing you again. I quitted *Mademoiselle de Riberac* at last to get into the Chaise with *Madame L'Esprevier*, and we were conducted, not to *St. Paul*, as my Father said the Evening before, but to the Castle of *Monsieur de Riberac*, where I met with the most tender Reception.

Mademoiselle de Riberac (as I knew afterwards) as soon as I was departed, return'd very melancholy to her Apartment ; given up to the most lively Inquietudes for me, she went into a kind of little Oratory she had, and throwing herself on her Knees, she begg'd of Heaven with all the Ardour imaginable, to soften the irritated Heart of *Madame de Corberon* ; she was interrupted in this pious Exercise, by receiving a Letter from her Father.

T H E



T H E

Fortunate Orphan:

O R,

M E M O I R S

O F T H E

C O U N T E S S of *MARLOU*.

 P A R T I I I .



HE told her, that for an Affair of great Consequence she must repair to him immediately, without deferring a Moment. As for near twenty Years she had liv'd in that Monastery, she had not gone out above five or six times,

times, when her Father or her Mother had been extremely ill; she was so affrighted at these punctual Orders she receiv'd, that she immediately went into the Post-Chaise which my Father sent for her, and soon arriv'd at the Castle, where we had been a few Hours.

As soon as they perceiv'd her at a Distance, my Father and I retir'd into a Closet; and *Monsieur de Riberac* meeting her at the Foot of the Stair-case, gave her his Hand with a smiling Look; and without returning any Answer to all the Questions she ask'd him, he conducted her into the Chamber where we lay conceal'd. After he had plac'd her between himself and his Wife, he spake to her in these Terms: We have always, my dear Child, done Justice to your Prudence and Virtue; and whatever Sorrow we felt at the Accident which happen'd to you now twenty Years since, we never attributed it to an Irregularity in your Conduct. Ah! *Monsieur*, interrupted *Mademoiselle de Riberac*, why will you recall the dreadful Remembrance of an Event, which must for ever cover me with Shame? Have I since that Time done any Action which can deserve the
new

new Reproaches you seem to be preparing for me? No, my dear Child, reply'd *Madame de Riberac*, that is not our Intention; listen only with Patience to what your Father has to relate, and you will find, that far from designing to give you the least Uneasiness, we only wish to put an End to that which has so long consum'd you. We have, till this Time, resum'd *Monsieur de Riberac*, conceal'd the Name of him who was the Author of your Misfortune: It is no longer a Mystery; he is now actually in our Hands; and it is in our Power to take the most dreadful Vengeance on him: But, as he offers, by marrying you, to repair the Wrong he has done you, we were unwilling to decide his Fate without consulting you. His Life or Death is in your Power; do you therefore pronounce his Destiny.

Mademoiselle de Riberac was in such Emotion at so unexpected an Event, that she was some Time before she return'd her Answer: She look'd on her Father and Mother with an Amazement and Confusion, that shew'd the different Movements she felt in her Heart. At length, being press'd to break Silence:
Ah!

Ah! what would you have me resolve? resum'd she; if I follow'd the Dictates of my Resentment, I should with Joy see the Heart of that Wretch pierc'd with a Dagger: If I obey my Religion, I ought to forgive him. This is, I think, all that can be exacted from me in such a Case. Well then, continued she, shedding Tears in Abundance, let this Wretch live; but let him never appear before my Eyes, nor expect I will give him my Hand. What will then become of that unhappy Child, whom you brought into the World? reply'd *Madame de Riberac*; We have never mention'd her to you, not to aggravate your Sorrow; and you have not, perhaps, dar'd to enquire after her, lest you should renew our Affliction: But this Daughter now demands a Father of you, whom she cannot obtain but by your Consent; can you refuse, my dear Child, to legitimate her? Nor can you do it otherwise than by espousing the Author of her Birth: His Repentance, and excessive Love, deserve you should forget his Fault. Ah! what do you require of me? return'd *Made-moiselle de Riberac*; must I then sacrifice myself for the Interest of a Child I never

G

knew,

knew, and whom in my inmost Soul I hate, and can never feel the least Tenderness for, since I shall always look upon its Father with Indignation? Why did not I die, when I brought into the World this unfortunate Child, against whom I feel my Heart revolt? Ah! my dear Child, reply'd her Mother, do not deceive yourself; you would, perhaps, think intirely otherwise, if she appear'd before you; and I hope to convince you Nature has its Rights, which it is in vain to oppose.

Then entering into the Closet where I was, and taking me by the Hand, she led me to her Daughter, at whose Feet I threw myself, melting into Tears. Ah! *Madame*, said I to her, will you refuse to be my Mother? and must my Father and I expire with Sorrow at your Knees? Just Heaven! what do I see? cry'd *Mademoiselle de Riberac*. What, was it against you I arm'd myself with such Severity; was it you I rejected with so much Hatred? Ah! my dear Child, you have enter'd too deeply into my Heart, for me not to acknowledge you: I have always felt at the Sight of you an Emotion of Love and Tenderness, the Cause of which was unknown to me. Can I refuse any Thing

Thing to You, after having assur'd me this Morning your Life was interested in it? Ah! I would give mine a Thousand times to preserve yours, continued she, embracing me with the greatest Affection. Let him appear then, this Father, whose Pardon you demand so earnestly; however criminal he has been, with regard to me, your Tears, and his Repentance, shall efface his Fault. I do forgive him.

My Father no sooner heard this favourable Sentence pronounc'd, than presenting himself trembling before *Mademoiselle de Riberae*, he let himself fall at her Knees, which he embrac'd, without being able to pronounce a Word. *Madame*, said he when he had recover'd himself, It was not in my Power sooner to come and implore your Pardon; but, since I am so happy to have soften'd your just Anger, I have nothing more to desire upon Earth. My Mother could not resist so much Submission; she held out her Hand to him, which he kiss'd with extreme Tendernefs, rais'd him up, and embrac'd him. Ah! *Madame*, imagine my Satisfaction! the Excess of my Joy is not to be exprefs'd! *Monsieur de Riberae* gave me the most tender Caref-

ses ; *Madame de Riberae* was as liberal of her's ; and, if I forc'd myself from their Arms, it was to throw myself into those of my Mother. In fine, all their Hearts being now sincerely reunited, they immediately took the necessary Measures with the Bishop of *Vannes* for the Celebration of the Marriage of the *Count de Corberon* with *Mademoiselle de Riberae* : It was perform'd privately, by his Permission, in the Chappel of the Castle ; and at the Bottom of the Act of Celebration they acknowledg'd me for their legitimate Child.

Till that Moment my Mother had scarce dar'd to look upon my Father but by Stealth ; the Sight of him gave her such Confusion : But, as he never approach'd her but with an infinite Respect, which restrain'd the Transports he felt ; and as with this he was extremely handsome, well made, and in the Flower of his Age, being not more than seven and thirty, she could not forbear doing Justice to his Merit ; and this sacred Rite having authoris'd her to receive the sincere Expressions of his lawful Tenderness, she could not long conceal the perfect Satisfaction she receiv'd at being united

united to the *Count de Corberon*. She soon convinc'd him she return'd his Passion with equal Fire, and they always continued to love each other with the most ardent Affection.

Monsieur de la Pastriere, who was a Witness of these happy Events, waited with respectful Impatience till my Father thought proper to fulfil the Promise he gave him. After the *Count de Corberon* had made a very considerable Present to *Madame L'Esprevier*, who return'd to her Family at *Paris*, and heap'd his Liberalities upon *Monsieur* and *Madame de Riberac*, we dispos'd every Thing in Order for our Journey to *Marseilles*; when these affectionate Parents, not able to support a Separation from us, took the Resolution of accompanying us, and establishing themselves in that City. My Mother and myself felt the most excessive Joy at this Resolution; and we all separated from the Castle to reside in the House my Father had purchas'd there; and which was extremely large, and very magnificent. It was there I first saw my two Brothers; I was charm'd with their amiable Figure, and still more with their Sentiments; and my Mother ex-

press'd so great a Regard for them, that they attach'd themselves to her, and lov'd her with the same Tenderness as if they had been her own Children.

At length, *Madame*, the Moment of my Happiness arriv'd. My Father sensible to the Friendship *Monfieur de la Pafriere* exprefs'd for him, and the Love he had for me, with the King's Permission, having treated for the Regiment of *Gbalons*, he made a Present of it to him upon our Marriage, and gave to me the Estate of *Marlou*, which bears the Title of a County, and has a Revenue of above Fifteen Thousand Livres. I may say, *Madame*, that I was in the happiest of Situations; *Monfieur de la Pafriere*, more a Lover than a Husband, ador'd me; and our Pleasures met with no Allay but by the Campaign which he was obliged to make in some little Time after. It is impossible to represent to you the Sorrow I felt at this cruel Separation, and the Inquietudes I underwent during his Absence: But Heaven, that listen'd graciously to the ardent Prayers I made for his Preservation, sent him back to *Marseilles* cover'd with Glory, without the slightest Wound, though he
had

had expos'd himself like a common Soldier, with the most undaunted Courage. I found *Monsieur de la Pastriere* still more tender than at his Departure ; and I had Reason to think myself the happiest of Women.

You may imagine, *Madame*, that upon my Marriage I did not neglect to inform the *Countess of Suffex* of my uncommon Adventures : She was excessively astonish'd at them, and express'd the greatest Joy on hearing that I was of a Birth suitable to the Sentiments I had always shewn. The *Earl of Suffex* also writ to me upon the same Subject a most obliging Letter. I have always preserv'd an intimate Correspondence with that amiable Lady, and she had the Goodness some Time after to send me her Picture set with Diamonds.

The House of the *Count de Corberon* and mine were the general Assemblies of all the People of Distinction in *Marseilles*. My Mother was ador'd by my Father ; and generally belov'd and esteem'd by all who knew her. Our Pleasures were reasonable, and lasting ; and met with no Interruption but when Honour call'd away from us my Hus-

band and my Brothers, who were in the *Mousquetaires* : But, as they return'd safe to us from the Field, we had no Reason for Complaint.

Whilst we pass'd our Days in this happy Situation there happen'd an Adventure in the Time of the *Carnival*, which interrupted for a While the Satisfaction we enjoy'd. I have already told you, *Madame*, of my two Brothers, who had been for some Time in the *Mousquetaires*. They were come to pass the *Carnival* with us at *Marseilles*. The youngest, call'd *De Selves*, not above Eighteen, was as beautiful as Love itself. He was the very Picture of *Zaide*; and being so young, and very handsome, he had entertain'd himself with being disguis'd in the Habit of a Woman, at two or three Balls, where he deceiv'd several People. This Disguise drew some Railleries upon him from a Sea-Officer, whose Mistress had shewn some Civilities to my Brother. This young Man, whom some of his Acquaintance had indiscreetly inform'd of the Discourses of the Officer, thought it below him to suffer them with Impunity : He waited for him upon the Port, and having come up to him, he

he told him, he desir'd to have an Explication with him. They went into a Bye-Place, and there my Brother drawing his Sword, the Sea-Officer spoke to him in the most insulting Manner; he refus'd to fight, and told him, there could be no Honour acquir'd by conquering a young effeminate *petit Maitre*. *De Selves* provok'd with Rage at this fresh Insult, soon convinc'd him he was not an Enemy to be despis'd: He flew upon him like a Lion; and after a Combat, in which the Officer stood in Need of his utmost Address, he gave him two Thrusts, one of which went through his Body, and put him under a Necessity of demanding his Life. He was endeavouring to assist him, when perceiving several Officers coming towards them, he fearing they might seize him, escap'd into the House of a Friend, where my Father, inform'd of what pass'd, went to him immediately, and knowing the Rigour of the Law with relation to Duels, he made *De Selves* leave *Marseilles*, disguis'd like a Woman in my Cloaths, and accompany'd by a Servant of mine, who was an elderly Woman of about fifty; and sent them in a Post-

Chaife to the Abbey of *Poufin*, four Leagues from *Lions*, the Abbess of which was his Relation. He writ to her, that this young Person, whom he call'd *Mademoiselle de Saintogne*, and who he told her was ally'd to my Mother, having strong Inclinations to take the Veil, he thought he could not address her anywhere so well as there. The Abbess extremely pleas'd with the Recommendation of my Father, receiv'd my Brother in the most obliging Manner; and *De Selves* having an Air of great Modesty, pleas'd her infinitely, and was approv'd by the whole Community. My Father, who rightly judg'd they would never search for his Son in a Convent of Nuns, if his Affair turn'd out ill, above all Things recommended to him to be prudent, and conceal himself so thoroughly, that they might not have the least Suspicion of his Sex. My Brother, who was sensible of the Consequences of it, us'd the utmost Precaution; and notwithstanding the Freedom with which they liv'd in that Monastery, he was so much upon his Guard, that they believ'd him to be what he appear'd.

He

He was near two Months in this House, during which Time the Court commanded strict Informations to be taken concerning the Combat, when the Abbess press'd him extremely to take the Veil. My Brother had great Repugnance to carry Things so far: But, not being able to resist the continued Sollicitations of that Lady, he consented to it, upon Condition he might receive it without any publick Ceremony; that if his Mind should alter, as to his Vocation, he might leave the Convent without Scandal. This was executed accordingly, and *De Selves* was admitted to the Noviciate, under the Name of Sister *Saintonge*.

There were then in the Convent three Novices, one of whom not above fifteen was of the most charming Figure: Her Father a Gentleman of that Province, nam'd *Fontenai*, was remarry'd about two Years before to a Widow who had Children then living by her first Husband; and as she could have no Pretensions to the Fortune of her Husband as long as this young Lady was in the World, she had given her so many Disgusts, and oblig'd her Father to treat her

with so much Severity, that she retir'd into this Monastery, where she took the Habit about a Month. Sister *De Fontenai* conceiv'd so violent a Friendship for my Brother, that it was beyond all Imagination. As she believ'd her Caresses very innocent, she was not in the least sparing of them, and reproach'd him continually with his Insensibility. *Saintonge, Madame*, was far from being insensible, whatever Resolutions of Prudence she had form'd, she dreaded every Moment being subdu'd by these Temptations; and the more, as this young Person often told her she was not dispos'd for the Cloister; and that, if she was not restrain'd by the uncommon Friendship she conceiv'd for her, she should write to a Grandmother of hers who lov'd her excessively, to fetch her from a Place where she had no Desire to stay.

My Brother nearly touch'd with this Declaration, and feeling the most violent Passion for this amiable young Creature, endeavour'd to amuse her Mind till his Affair was determin'd, and he could explain himself frankly to her.— Well then, said he to her, (always under

der the Character of the Novice) since, you have no Inclination for the Convent my dear *Fontenai*, I will endeavour to make you happy. I have a Twin-Brother, who resembles me so perfectly, that every-body is deceiv'd by it. I am resolv'd he shall be your Lover; and as our Inclinations have always been the same, I don't in the least doubt but he will make a Third in our Friendship, and soon conceive the most tender Passion for you . . . Ah! *Saintonge*! cry'd *Fontenai*, 'tis enough he resembles you to be amiable in my Eyes. I love him already almost as much as I do you; but don't declare to him, however, the Passion I feel for him without knowing him. . . . What a Vivacity of Sentiments! resum'd Sister *Saintonge*, you love me excessively then, since upon the bare Resemblance my Brother has of me, you feel so extraordinary a Tenderness for him? Ah! I cannot express it to you, return'd *De Fontenai*, 'tis sufficient that you assure me he is your other Self. These Discourses were generally follow'd by the most innocent, but at the same Time the most tender Caresses; and my Brother

ther stood in Need of the utmost Virtue to resist them.

He had worn the Habit of a Novice near two Months, when his Virtue was put to a still further Trial. An old Lay-Sister of the Convent dy'd, and had been bury'd about three Days; Sister *De Fontenai*, who was very timorous, was in great Terrors upon this Occasion, and had every Night a Candle burning in her Chamber; as she was dropping asleep she heard a Noise that disturb'd her: having cast her Eyes every-where to see from whence it proceeded, she perceiv'd upon one of the Window-shutters of her Cell a dreadful Figure that mov'd about, and had Eyes that seem'd on Fire. She was so terrify'd with this Apparition, that leaping out of Bed she ran to the Chamber of *Saintonge*, which was not far from her own, and threw herself half dead with Fear into the Bed. My Brother was as much surpriz'd as can be imagin'd, the young Novice embrac'd him closely. Ah! *Saintonge*, said she, I am just dead: I have seen our poor Lay-Sister, who is dead, this Moment in my Cell: her Eyes were as red as a Burning-Coal; it was no Dream, I am sure.

sure. — My Brother stood in Need of all his Virtue, and all the Lessons of my Father : But fearing his own Weakness, he disengag'd himself from the Arms of the Novice, telling her she was a Fool to give Way to such Imaginations, and that she would go and conjure the Soul of the Lay-Sister. Then hastily throwing on a Robe, he went to the Cell of *Fontenai* : That young Creature not daring to stay alone, follow'd him holding by his Robe ; and *De Selves* being enter'd, and perceiving the Object of his Friend's Terror, which was nothing but an Owl, he got softly upon a Chair, seiz'd it unawares, and having broke its Neck, convinc'd Sister *De Fontenai*, that her Fear was without Foundation ; he oblig'd her then to stay in her Cell, and returning to his own, he pass'd the Night there, after many Reflexions upon his Adventure.

Whatever Attention my Brother had to his Behaviour, it was scarce possible for a Man disguis'd as a Woman not to let some Things escape him unsuitable to that Habit ; an unfortunate Adventure of this Kind happen'd to him in the Chamber of the Abbess : That good Lady,

ly, who had been much indispos'd, and was upon her Recovery, one Afternoon had a great Desire to eat Maccaroons; and told the Sister *Aimée*, (who was the Sister-Confectioner) that she desir'd she would make them in her Apartment, because it would be an Amusement to her. The *Religieuse* brought all that was necessary for it into the Chamber of *Madame*, who had then three of the Ancients of the Community along with her. My Brother, who was almost always there, was order'd to help the Sister *Aimée*: He assisted her successfully for some Time; but, as she had forgot something necessary in her Composition, she went for it, and recommended carefully to Sister *Saintonge* to keep the Stew-pan always stirring: Unfortunately, *Madame L'Abesse* wanted her Scissars, which were in her Closet; and having desir'd her to fetch them, she ran directly: she was some Time before she found them, and when she came back, looking into her Stew-pan, Ob! Z—nds, cries she, *the Maccaroons are burnt!* Represent to yourself, *Madame*, the Surprize of the Abbess. How then, my Sister, cry'd she, you swear like a Carter! I, *Madame*,

name, return'd my Brother with Assurance: What have I said then that was so shocking? God forbid that I should repeat it, reply'd the Abbess; this is horrible——We did hear indeed something of this, said one of the Ancients: But either our Hearing might be a little dull, or Sister *Saintonge* did not pronounce it plain; for we thought what she said was not entirely what is call'd Swearing —— However, that may be, said *De Selves* boldly, I pronounc'd no Word that could dishonour the Habit I wear; and if *Madame* heard any indecent Phrase, it was most certainly the Devil who borrow'd the Sound of my Voice to make me appear criminal in your Eyes: For all I said was, *The Maccaroons are burnt*. Believe me, that may be so, return'd the Abbess: The Evil One makes Use of every Artifice to deceive us. I could have been positive I heard Sister *Saintonge* pronounce Words, which ought never be said by a Woman: But I see plainly I was abus'd, and my Ears deceiv'd me. Truly, reply'd one of the good Old Sisters, the Fiend does greater Things than this. I read one Day lately in the Lives of the
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Fathers of the Deserts, that, to tempt St. *Anthony*, he put on the Figure of a handsome Maiden, that he might seduce the holy Hermit; and that was much more difficult than to imitate a Voice. In fine, *Madame*, these *Religieuses* persuaded themselves so thoroughly, that Sister *Saintonge* was incapable of pronouncing such Words, that they attributed it wholly to the Malice of the Devil.

This History, however, took Air in the Convent, and gave my Brother some Uneasiness. If on one Side they recollected several trifling Actions, that might make them suspect he was a Youth; on the other Side, the extreme Modesty and Reserve which *Saintonge* had always shewn, notwithstanding his Gaiety, reassur'd them against the Suspicions they might conceive of his Sex. No one had the least Reason of Complaint against him upon that Head; yet from that Day all his Actions were examin'd with strict Attention. My Brother, who expected it would be so, kept himself upon his Guard: he immediately writ to inform my Father of this Adventure, and at the same Time discover'd to him the lively Passion

Passion he had conceiv'd for *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*.

The *Count de Corberon* knew the Father of this amiable Novice, and was not ignorant, that if the Severity of her Mother-in-Law did not force her to take the Veil, she would have a Fortune of above Two Hundred Thousand Francs. He immediately writ to my Brother, by a private Address which they agreed on, recommended to him to be prudent; inform'd him his Affair was brought to an Accommodation, and that he would be soon at Liberty; and assur'd him, that, as to *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*, as far as lay in his Power, he would give him all the Satisfaction he could desire. My Brother transported with Joy at this Letter, thought proper to make his Mistress, in some Degree, a Sharer in his Satisfaction. To this Effect he disguis'd his Hand, and under the Name of his Twin-Brother, he writ to her the most tender Letter upon Earth: He protested to her, that, upon the Description of his Sister, who assur'd him of her Charms, and of her amiable Character, he had conceiv'd the most violent Passion for her; and that with
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the Consent of his Father, he flatter'd himself with the Hopes of acquiring her ; since he was in a Situation not to stand in Need of the Fortune she had a Right to claim. This Letter, which gave the most lively Pleasure to *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*, arriv'd the more happily, as the next Day after its Reception she heard her Father was dead suddenly. However sensible she was to this Loss, she writ immediately to the *Marchioness de Sorel* her Grandmother, that she hop'd she would not exact from her now to consummate so involuntary a Sacrifice, as she had been forc'd to enter into ; and begg'd she would come to her, that she might inform her of an Event, upon which the Happiness of her Life depended. This humane Grand-mother, who had more than once murmur'd at the Severity of her Son, arriv'd in a few Days at the Convent ; she heard with extreme Satisfaction the Marriage which Sister *Saintonge* propos'd for her Brother, and the Approbation his Father gave to it. I should die with Sorrow, *Madame*, said *De Selves* to her, if I was separated from this amiable Child of yours : We have liv'd together in so perfect an Union,

nion, that my sole Wish is we may become inseparable: I have no greater Inclination to the Cloister than she has; and I shall never think myself truly happy, till my Brother, who will be Master of a very considerable Fortune, at least equal to *Mademoiselle de Fontenai's*, is the Possessor of that charming Person. Condescend, *Madame*, to agree to it. The *Chevalier de Selves* (which is the Name of my Twin-Brother) is my other Self; we have the same Person, and the same Mind. I love your Grand-daughter with the greatest Tenderneſs; ſhe has the moſt exceſſive Inclination for me; my Brother adores her, without knowing her but by my Deſcription; he is not indifferent to her: eſtabliſh the mutual Happineſs of us all, by approving ſo ſuitable a Marriage. My dear Mother, then cry'd *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*, can you have the Power to reſuſe *Saintonge*? No, I know you to be too humane; and you have too much Affection for me not to give me this Satisfaction. She then kiſs'd with the greateſt Eagerneſs the Hand of *Madame de Sorel*, who, mov'd with the exceſſive Friendſhip which join'd theſe two young Perſons,
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promis'd to consent to all they demand-
ed. It is impossible to express the Trans-
ports of my Brother, and of *Mademoi-
selle de Fontenai*, at this Assurance of
their Happiness; nor the Tears that were
shed at their Separation, when some few
Days after *Madame de Sorel* departed with
her Grand-daughter.

De Selves once more instructed my Fa-
ther of all which pass'd with *Madame
de Sorel*, and begg'd him to put an End
to his Exile as soon as possible. As
the Person with whom he fought was not
dead, and the Informations had taken a
favourable Turn, my Father sent him
Word he must counterfeit an Indisposi-
tion, and he would send my Servant to
fetch him away. My Brother did not
delay the Execution of this Order: he
kept his Bed for some Days; and af-
terwards having told the Abbess, that
he did not find his Constitution strong
enough to undergo the Rules of this
Monastery, he left it in a few Days, to
the great Regret of all the *Religious*,
whose Favour he had gain'd, and re-
turn'd directly to *Marseilles*. As the
Seat of the *Marchioness de Sorel* was at
no great Distance from the Road, he
call'd

call'd there in his Journey, and that good Lady receiv'd him with infinite Pleasure. *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*, who lov'd him passionately, loaded him with Caresses. They spoke again of the Graces of the *Chevalier de Selves*, and of his Merit: *Saintonge* spake favourably of him, but with Modesty. I should say much more of him, said she, if he was not my perfect Resemblance: But, as to his Character, I can assure you it is amiable. See, my dear *Fontenai*, whether he does not express himself according to our Wishes. As to me, I love him infinitely more since I have receiv'd this Letter, which shews the eager Desire he has to see you. He then presented it to her, which he writ himself before he left the Convent; and *Madame de Sorel* having taken her Spectacles, read thus:

AT length then, my dear Sister, *Mademoiselle de Fontenai* is no longer with you; and notwithstanding the tender Friendship you have boasted of so much to me, you have been able to support this Separation without dying of Grief: You are but an Ingrate, and I know better how to love. Upon the Description only
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which you have given, and the happy Pre-
 judice you assure me she has in my Favour,
 I adore this charming Person. 'Tis cer-
 tain, my dearest Sister, that whoever loves
 you, will naturally have the same Sentiments
 for me. Preserve her Heart still in my
 Favour, and assure Madame de Sorel,
 from me, of the most tender and most re-
 spectful Gratitude. Adieu, my dear Sain-
 tonge. You will make no long Residence
 where you are; the Convent is not your
 proper Situation. I cannot live, without you
 succeed in the Hopes I have of the legiti-
 mate Possession of your charming Friend;
 my Love is too impatient, not to have ob-
 liged me to come to fetch you hither, but for
 an Accident, which forces me to be con-
 fin'd. I have had my Leg hurt by a Fall
 from my Horse, and the Surgeon forbids
 my going out this Fortnight. I feel I shall
 not be able to obey him, though it should
 cost me my Life: I must throw myself at
 the Feet of the adorable Fontenai; but if,
 contrary to my Intentions, I am prevent-
 ed, can you not engage Madame de Sorel
 to come, and partake of the Entertainment
 my Father in a few Days is to give to the
 new Intendant of the Province? He would
 be charm'd at procuring her any Amuse-
 ment,

ment, and commands me to invite her. Do this, my dear Sister, for the Sake of a Brother who loves you tenderly, but yet with less Ardour than he does the incomparable Fontenai.

This Letter had a wonderful Effect, and *Saintonge* manag'd the Affair with such Address, that she engag'd *Madame de Sorel* to consent to this Journey to *Marseilles*. As soon as he had obtain'd this Favour, he sent away my Woman in a Post-Chaise to give my Father Advice of it; to desire him to prepare an Entertainment suitable to the Design he had premeditated, and to send one of his Equipages to conduct him to *Marseilles*. The Count de *Corberon*, who was passionately fond of his Children, willingly executed what *De Selves* so earnestly demanded of him; he dispatch'd a Messenger to inform him, that the next Day after a Coach and Six would arrive at the Castle of *Madame de Sorel*, to whom he writ a most obliging Letter. Before that Time there happen'd a fresh Embarrass to the poor *Saintonge*. *Mademoiselle de Fontenai* propos'd her Friend's lying with her. My Brother was again

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oblig'd to have Recourse to a Stratagem; he feign'd an Indisposition, for great Want of Repose: If we lie together, said he, we shall do nothing but talk of your Amours; therefore, my dear Friend, give me Leave to lie in another Room. *Madame de Sorel* approv'd the Reasons of *Saintonge*, and order'd her Apartment accordingly.

At length, *Madame*, the Equipage of my Father arriv'd, and my Brother and the two Ladies departed in it: They had but one Night to lie upon the Road; and the next Day my Father going to meet them was enchanted with the amiable Figure of *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*, and the venerable Air of *Madame de Sorel*. After having express'd great Satisfaction at the Honour they did him, he told them, that the *Chevalier de Selves* was in Despair he could not accompany him upon this Occasion: That the very Moment when he was going into the Post-Chaise for this Purpose, *Madame L'Intendante* (who design'd a magnificent Masquerade for this Day, desir'd the Entertainment to be a Day sooner, because she was oblig'd to go then to *Paris*) had sent for him to regulate what was necessary

sary for their Disguises : and tho' he resisted all he could, he found it impossible to excuse himself from waiting on her ; but that his Satisfaction would be deferr'd only a few Hours, since the Ball was to open at Seven, and *Madame L'Intendante* would certainly be there with all her Company, and the Chevalier.

This Masquerade, as I have told you, *Madame*, was design'd by my Brother ; and had been so well concerted, that all was ready at our Arrival. A Dresser waited for *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*, and there was a magnificent Habit prepar'd for her. In less than three Hours she was dress'd in the Habit of a *Turkish Sultana* in the most exquisite Taste, and nothing could be seen more charming : *Saintonge* did not quit her till her Dress was finish'd, then under the Pretext of going to her own *Toilette*, she went into another Apartment, whilst *Monsieur* and *Madame de Corberon* amus'd *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*. They introduc'd her into the Ball-Room, which was already fill'd with all the People of Distinction in *Marseilles*. My Brother soon quitted the Habit of a Woman. Magnificently dress'd in the Habit of a *Chinese Em-*

peror, and borne upon the Shoulders of four Slaves, he enter'd into the Ball-Room; and having look'd round upon all the Beauties that adorn'd it, he commanded himself to be set down opposite to *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*; and looking upon her with all the Signs of the greatest Admiration: *Madame*, said he, permit me to lay my Crown at your Feet; and let the absolute Master of one of the greatest Empires of the World have the Honour of bearing your Chains eternally. — *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*, who did not expect such a Declaration, and who in the *Chinese* Monarch saw every Feature of her dear *Saintonge*, doubted not a Moment that it was her Twin-Brother. She remain'd some Time without answering; but as she had a great Share of Wit, *Sire*, said she to him, has your Majesty consider'd such a Preference must irritate all the Beauties here? There are none of them but deserve the Preference before me, and would have Reason to complain of the Choice you make. 'Tis true, *Madame*, return'd my Brother, that the most magnificent Seraglios of *China*, and the East, do not inclose so many Beauties as I see here; I do
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them Justice ; but there is no disputing against the Heart, and we are not Masters of our Inclinations. The first Instant I saw you, was the Moment of my Defeat: Nay, I ador'd you even before I knew you, the Person who was with you must have inform'd you of it ; and she has so faithfully related the Sentiments you were so good to have for me, that I flatter myself, instead of complaining of your Cruelty, I shall have Reason to applaud your Mercy. Ah ! *Monsieur*, reply'd *Mademoiselle de Fontenai* blushing, and with the most confus'd Voice, spare me, I beseech you, I see my *Confidant* has been too indiscreet ; I shall take Care for the future never to discover to her what I think, since she makes so bad an Use of it. My Brother then throwing himself at her Feet, embrac'd her Knees, and imploring a Pardon for this guilty *Confidant*, said every thing that the most lively Tendernefs could inspire him with. *Mademoiselle de Fontenai* was so employ'd in answering the tender Assiduities of the *Emperor of China*, that she did not in the least think of asking for her dear *Saintonge*.

At length, about Two in the Morning, the gallant *Chinese* having quitted her for half an Hour, a Female Gipsy came and plac'd herself by her. You look extremely satisfy'd, *Sultana*, said she, that the Monarch of *China* is subdu'd by your Charms: It is not surprizing in the least, you deserve the Empire of the World: But if the God of Love is pleas'd with you, the Goddess of Friendship has no Reason to be so. — Ah, Masque, reply'd *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*, I confess you speak the Truth: But I am so surpriz'd with all I see and hear for the first time in my Life, that this small Forgetfulness of my Friend is pardonable; and I flatter myself that she will forgive it, in Favour of a Brother, who is still more charming even than she had describ'd him. He has found the Art to please you then, return'd the Gipsy? Ah! *Saintonge*, said *Mademoiselle de Fontenai* in a Whisper, what a Progress has he made in my Heart in a few Moments! I die with Confusion at it, and I have never dar'd acknowledge to him that I love him, tho' he did all in his Power to extort a Confession from me: he would, perhaps, have been disgusted with the

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Easiness of his Conquest. — No, fair *Sultana*, return'd the Gipsy, you would have rais'd him to the highest Pitch of Joy, by telling him he had touch'd your Heart : he will adore you for ever ; and I see in your Eyes, that you can't hesitate when you are press'd to make him happy. *Mademoiselle de Fontenai* could not forbear blushing, and covering her Face with her Fan, the Gipsy seiz'd that Instant to retire.

She had not quitted the Place above twenty Minutes, when the *Emperor of China* came to resume it again. You thought me inconstant, perhaps, said he, but, *Madame*, 'tis impossible to be so after having seen you ; and all the Beauties of the Universe would never efface from my Heart the Image of my adorable *Sultana* : You are my first Passion, and I call the Gods of my Country to witness you shall be my last. A Gipsy, who has just told me my Fortune, return'd *Mademoiselle de Fontenai* smiling, has assur'd me so ; but I am not ignorant enough to give Credit to such Discourses. Ah ! reply'd the *Sultan* kissing her Hand respectfully, I am much more credulous than you are : For she has inform'd me

that I am the happiest of Mankind, since I am belov'd by my *Sultana*; and that it is her Majesty alone which prevents her from confessing it.— Ah! what new Indiscretions! cry'd *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*, is there no depending upon the Secrecy of our Sex? The Gipsy endeavours to revenge herself upon me; she has Reason, I have a little neglected her since my Arrival in this enchanted Place. But, continu'd she to change the Discourse, I have been made to believe this Entertainment was design'd for *Madame L'Intendante*, and my little Vanity forces me to perceive I have the greatest Share in it. You judge very rightly, my dear *Sultana*, reply'd he; you alone are the Life of this Amusement. *Madame L'Intendante* is here indeed, but in Disguise; and she is not ignorant that my Homage is destin'd to you. *Madame de Sorel* approves my Flame; and those to whom I owe my Life earnestly desire that your Consent may render me the happiest of Mankind: Condescend, therefore, to assure me you will behold that fortunate Day arrive without Dissatisfaction.—How pressing you are! reply'd *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*. My dear Mother, said she

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turning to the *Marchioness de Sorel*, here is a foreign Monarch, whose Discourse is seducing; he will absolutely have me promise him my Hand and my Heart; and I confess to you, that if you do not disapprove his Desires I shall find it very difficult to refuse him. — Ah! *Madame*, said the *Chinese* Prince throwing himself at the Feet of the *Marchioness*, consider that upon your Consent depends all the Happiness of my Life, and that your dear Child seems to interest herself in it. — Well then, my dear Children, reply'd *Madame de Sorel*, I consent to your Union, and shall see the Celebration of it with extreme Pleasure. I only wish for the Satisfaction of my Child, and am perswaded she will be happy with you.

My Brother, *Madame*, tho' already certain of his approaching Happiness, receiv'd these new Assurances of it with inconceivable Joy. He embrac'd the Knees of the *Marchioness* with Transports that convinc'd her of the Excess of his Passion; and *Mademoiselle de Fontenai* was lively mov'd by them. I shall not describe to you, *Madame*, the magnificent Collation which was presented to the Company; I believe you

will imagine my Father gave such proper Orders, that all was serv'd with Abundance, and even with Profusion. Every one was highly satisfy'd ; and the Ball being finish'd at Five in the Morning, we remain'd with only our own Family, *Madame de Sorel*, and the amiable *De Fontenai*.

It was then, disengag'd from the great Number of Masks which compos'd the Assembly, this charming Woman, perceiving the indiscreet Gipsy was not in the Company, ask'd my Brother what was become of his Favourite-Sister ? *De Selves* pointing to me with a Smile : It was not the *Countess de Marlou* I spoke of, reply'd she. — I have no other Sister but her, said he, and I do not believe I ever had another. — But where is the amiable *Suzette* ? reply'd *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*. She is before your Eyes, return'd the *Chinese* Prince. I open them as much as I can, reply'd she, and see only her Twin-Brother. You see her in seeing me, continu'd my Brother. I know, said she, that he resembles her so perfectly, it is difficult not to mistake them : but I have liv'd too long with my dear Sister, to be deceiv'd ; and not-with-

withstanding the Sound of the Voice, I know I speak now to the *Chevalier de Selves*; my Heart could not but know her. That does not happen now, however, said he to her, since I am that *Saintonge*, whom you say you love so much, and yet you do not know me. — But, if you are that amiable Woman, return'd *Mademoiselle de Fontenai* extremely astonish'd, where is then that Brother, who is the other half of your Self? He is here, said *De Selves*, putting his Hand upon his Breast. This is extremely new, reply'd the fair *Sultana*; you are the Twin-Brother of *Saintonge*, you are *Saintonge* herself: I cannot conceive how you can be two Persons of so very different a Nature. It is, however, a certain Truth, return'd my Brother, *Saintonge* and her Twin-Brother are the same, and you behold them both in me. I was oblig'd to borrow the Habit and Manners of your Sex to conceal myself in a Cloister; an Affair of Honour, which concern'd my Life, forc'd me to act that Part; But I ought to be grateful to my Enemy, for constraining me to this Disguise, since it has procur'd me the Knowledge and the Love of the adorable *De Fontenai*, with

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whom.

whom I hope to be united for ever. What! resum'd *Mademoiselle de Fontenai* with inconceivable Surprise, and hiding her Face, *Saintonge* was not a Woman? and I open'd my Heart to her without Reserve, and loaded her with Caresses? Ah! what cruel Deceit! Do not repent your Goodness, my amiable *Sultana*, said my Brother; rather reflect upon my Discretion and Resolution; what Trials did not I support! How often was I in Danger of yielding! Ah! it was only the most perfect Esteem could have set Bounds to my Love, and kept me to the due Respect I ow'd: I lov'd you with too delicate a Passion ever to abuse your Error. Have some Regard to such a Conduct, and pardon me this involuntary Deceit, which now makes me completely happy. Ah! I die with Confusion, resum'd *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*, I shall never dare to look upon you; but I cannot refuse you my Esteem, and my Pardon.

During this Conversation the Count de Corberon and my Mother, who had taken *Madame de Sorel* aside, inform'd her of the Adventure of *Saintonge*. She was extremely astonish'd at it; but, as she was

a Lady of the most amiable Character, when her first Surprise was over, she could not forbear smiling at the Embarrass her Grand-daughter must be in; and approaching her, Why do you hide your Face thus, my dear Child? said she to her. — Ah! if you knew the Stratagem which has been us'd with me, reply'd she, you would be in Amazement. *Saintonge*, that *Saintonge*, who has been six Months in the Convent with me, is nothing less than what she appears to be; she is, (would you believe it?) she is — As she hesitated here — Well, go on, said the Marchioness — She is a Man, and not a Woman; that is all the Mystry. You knew it then? resum'd *Mademoiselle de Fontenai*. I was told it this Moment, continu'd that good Lady. The Adventure is most astonishing, but the Consequences will not be melancholy to thee; and the *Count de Corberon*, his amiable Spouse, and myself, have just now agreed that thy Marriage with this little Impostor shall be celebrated in eight Days. — Ah! *Madame*, interrupted my Brother with the most lively Transports, shall I be so soon united with your charming

ing Daughter? What Thanks have I not to pay you! But *Mademoiselle de Fontenai* is silent; is she indifferent to this News? No, reply'd she, I receive it with all imaginable Satisfaction; but you deserve to be punish'd for your Treason, and I should demand a longer Time to forgive you in. —————

Go, go, my Child, said the *Marchioness de Sorel*, never dispute with him about that; this Deceit has only serv'd to inform him of the Truth of thy Sentiments for him; he cannot doubt but thou lovest him with the greatest Tenderness: Thou hast too often explain'd thyself frankly with that traiterous little *Saintonge*. But that prudent and reserv'd Manner which, notwithstanding his Passion, he always behav'd to thee, even upon delicate Occasions, sufficiently proves to thee the Excess of his Tenderness and his Respect. Pardon him therefore, without Reserve; and to prove that thou hast no Malice in thy Heart against him, I will have thee permit him to embrace thee this Moment. After this Order, my Brother did not wait for the Consent of his Mistress: he immediately executed what he had Permission for, with the most

most passionate Transports : *Mademoiselle de Fontenai* made but a slight Resistance, and then receiv'd the Caresses of my Brother with equal Satisfaction ; and all the Family then judging Peace was concluded, we approach'd the *Chinese* Monarch and his charming *Sultana*, who, tho' with Blushes, yet repuls'd with Wit and Gaiety the little Railleries we made upon her dear Sister *Saintonge*.

At length, *Madame*, the happy Day for *De Selves* arriv'd. Never appear'd more Satisfaction than in the Eyes of him and his charming Wife. They lov'd each other beyond all Expression ; their Marriage was celebrated, and follow'd by an Entertainment still more gallant than that I have already describ'd.

The House of my Father was not far from the Convent of the *Capuchins*. He was accusom'd to give them considerable Charities ; and the Guardian coming in a few Days to make his Compliments upon the Marriage of the *Chevalier*, my Father kept him to dine with us. You know, *Madame*, these good Fathers never go out without a Companion. He who was with the *Father Guardian* appear'd a Man of Distinction, and had a
great

great Share of Wit. *Monsieur de la Pastriere*, towards the End of our Repast, taking a Pleasure to attack them, the Conversation grew very lively between them. I honour you infinitely, my good Fathers, said he to them, and I conceive in the first Fervour of your Institution, there might be Men, who could embrace so singular a Life as yours; all that is new, pleases at first: But that there should be any now, who will quit every Thing to give themselves up to so voluntary a Poverty, and so perfect a Self-Denial, is what I cannot comprehend. Our *Father Simplician*, who is here with me, can explain it to you, reply'd the *Guardian*: He had, it is to be presum'd, good Reasons to abandon the World, and must have still stronger, to force him to act in the Manner he did to succeed in his Design; for we had absolutely refus'd him: but we were not able to resist the holy Violence he us'd to us.— Spare me, my Father, I beseech you, cry'd *Father Simplician*: You might have avoided making a Discourse, which must excite the Curiosity of these Gentlemen.—Certainly, return'd *Monsieur de la Pastriere*, and there must have been some-

something very particular in your Reception, by what has been said. — Very particular indeed, reply'd the *Guardian*; and if I am ever so little press'd to speak, I find I shall not be able to keep Silence upon that Article. — Ah! we all intreat you to break it, cry'd we immediately. Well then, said he, this is the Affair: Our *Father Simplician*, whatever he appears now, Gentlemen, is a Man of Birth: he has been a Captain of Foot, and serv'd with Distinction. — Ah! my Father, (interrupted this good *Religious*) pass over, I desire you, the Qualities, and the Applauses; they are nothing to the Relation you have to make. — With all my Heart, reply'd the *Guardian*, he quitted the Service upon an Injustice done him, and resolv'd to travel: he view'd *Germany* and *Italy*; and returning into *France*, the Mule which carry'd him upon Mount *Cenis* happening to stumble, fell into a dreadful Precipice, where she was dash'd into a Thousand Pieces. You may suppose her Rider took the same Leap; but in his Fall having recommended himself to our Blessed Father *St. Francis*, he did not go so far as the Mule; but was stopp'd in
his

his Fall, by a little Shrub, which grew at the Depth of five or six Fathoms: he cry'd out for Assistance; and in that imminent Danger, till it arriv'd, I doubt not but he made most fervent Prayer. The Muletteer, who conducted him, went immediately to the nearest Cottage to search for some Persons who might assist him to recover his Master from the evident Danger he was in: They arriv'd in a happy Time; his Strength began to fail him, when they threw him a Rope fix'd to a Plank: with great Difficulty he got upon it, and at length they drew him up half dead with Fear. He got himself blooded at the first convenient Place, and being return'd into *France*, he no sooner arriv'd at *Marseilles*, his native Country, than renouncing the World, he put himself in a Condition to execute the Vow he made in his Danger, by demanding the Habit of our Order. It was given him, and during ten Months of his Probation he testify'd an excessive Fervour; but being a little too certain he should be receiv'd amongst us, he seem'd to relax of his Severity, to be more careless in his Duties, and to resume the Cavalier-Air he had at his Entrance

trance into our Monastery. The Chapter was held for his Reception. Several of our Fathers doubting whether his Vocation was sincere, thought proper to send him back into the World ; and the Number of Voices having carry'd it, he was introduc'd into the Assembly : There it was declared to him, that they thought him more proper for a secular Life than the Constraint of a Cloister, and desir'd him to take again his Lay-Habit, which was brought and laid at his Feet. Struck into Consternation at this News, as if a Stroke of Lightning had fallen upon him, he threw himself at the Knees of the *Religious*, who was then the *Father Guardian*, and conjur'd him to inform him by what he could have deserv'd such a Treatment, declaring he was ready to make any Reparation for the Scandal he might have given, if they would inform him wherein he acted amiss ; and rather than quit the Habit of *St. Francis*, he demanded a second Year of Noviciate. His Prayers and his Tears had no Effect upon our Fathers : He us'd all manner of Submissions ; but, seeing that the *Guardian* still persisted to exhort him to return into the World, and pointed to his

his secular Habit, animated with an ardent Zeal, and a holy Fury, he snatch'd up his Sword, and drawing it out of the Scabbard : You all yesterday promis'd me your Votes in private, said he to them ; why do you refuse them me To-day ? By all that is sacred, the first who fails in his Promise to me shall have this Sword thro' his Body. Is it with you, my Fathers, said he to the *Guardian* and the *Father* Master of the Novices, is it with you I must begin ? — No, cry'd they trembling with Fear ; no, we give you our Voices to be receiv'd, and are ready to sign your Reception upon the Register. Sign it then this Moment, reply'd *Father Simplician*, and set an Example to the rest : he amongst them who does not follow it, may depend upon it he shall not live half an Hour. The *Guardian*, and the *Father* Master had no sooner sign'd the Act of his Reception, than all the other Fathers, and myself, one of the first, sign'd it with all imaginable Expedition ; and reflecting that it must be our holy Founder who had inspir'd him with this noble Resolution, to which we had so readily submitted, we all embrac'd him cordially, and confirm'd

firm'd with our Mouths, without Constraint, the Consent we had given to his Admission into our Order ; and I must say we should have been very wrong, if we had hinder'd him from taking the Habit ; for, since twenty Years he has been profess'd, he has never swerv'd from his Duty, and has always serv'd as an Example to the whole Convent.-- — This, cry'd *Monsieur de Corberon*, may be call'd being receiv'd a Capuchin at the Point of the Sword, and by Force of Arms. This Relation diverted us much, and these good Fathers join'd in the Mirth and Raillery with a great deal of Good-nature.

Not long after the Marriage of my Brother an Adventure happen'd at *Marseilles*, which, tho' it has no Relation to my Affairs, yet is so uncommon, that I imagine it worth your Knowledge. Amongst those who were the most intimate with us, and whom we saw with the greatest Familiarity, was the *Marchioness de Londé*, who was a Lady not above Forty at most, and extremely agreeable : she had an only Son of One and Twenty, who serv'd with my Brothers in the *Mousquetaires*, and whom she
lov'd

lov'd with great Tenderneſs. Her Huſband, who appear'd about Five and Fifty, was a Man of the nobleſt Mien, and the moſt Gentleman-like Behaviour : he had marry'd her out of Inclination ; nay, it was reported he ſtole her : ſince their Marriage he had always us'd her with the greateſt Tenderneſs, and they liv'd together in the happieſt Manner ; when, unfortunately for *Madame de Londé*, he fell paſſionately in Love with the Widow of a Subaltern Officer of the Gallies. This Woman, who was young, and extremely pretty, had not acquir'd the Reputation of a *Veſtal*. The *Marquis de Londé*, without Regard to his Age, had flatter'd himſelf with ſoon diſpatching all his Rivals : he put himſelf to great Expences intirely in vain. She receiv'd his Preſents ; but, as he found himſelf no farther advanc'd by it, his Paſſion blinded him to that Degree, he propos'd to marry her. The Widow aſtoniſh'd at this Diſcourſe, knowing he had a Wife and a Son, ſuppos'd his Head was turn'd, and gave him an inſulting Answer : But the Count ſoon ſatisfy'd her upon that Point. It is true, ſaid he to her, *Madame de Londé* is reputed to be
my

my Wife; but she is not really so: and there were so many necessary Formalities wanting in our pretended Marriage, that I look upon it as void. The principal are, I marry'd her in the Chapel of a Castle, without a Dispensation; and it was a Monk who gave us the Benediction. In fine, *Madame*, provided, that free from all Engagements, I can lawfully offer you my Hand, may I flatter myself you will accept it? This artful Woman, who, without any Attention to Decency, or Regard to what would be the Consequences of such an Adventure, only wish'd to satisfy her Ambition of being a Marchioness, receiv'd his Proposals with the greatest Joy. He exacted from her, that she should promise him, under her Hand, to marry him, when he prov'd plainly to her he was at Liberty; and upon this Promise being given him, he form'd the most extravagant Resolution a Man of his Rank and Age could be guilty of.

The *Marquis de Londé* in a few Mornings after this, *Madame*, enter'd into the Apartment of his Wife, and ordering her Servants to withdraw: *Madame*, said he, we have been very long improper

proper Companions for each other: You are sensible in what Manner I marry'd you: There are essential Nullities in our Union; and as we are not united together by indissoluble Ties, I beg you would submit quietly to your Fate, and retire to any Place you please to choose: Besides your own Fortune, which I will restore to you, I shall allow a Pension of a Thousand Crowns for you, and for your Son, which shall be punctually paid you.

No Astonishment could equal that of the Marchioness at this extraordinary Discourse. Given up in her earliest Youth to the Authority of a Guardian, who would have forc'd her to marry a Nephew of his, whom she hated, she rescued herself from him by flying with the *Marquis de Londé*, who had gain'd her Inclinations; they repair'd separately to a Castle between *Orange* and *Avignon*, which belong'd to a Friend of the Marquis, where a *Cordelier*, who serv'd him as a Chaplain, ventur'd to marry them: The Guardian enraged, enter'd a Prosecution. The Family of the Lady, who were sensible of his unjust Behaviour, oppos'd it, and declar'd that they

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approv'd the Marriage which the Marchioness had contracted. The *Legate* took Cognisance of the Affair, and brought it to a Mediation. The *Guardian*, who was obliged to give in his Accompts, and was found insolvent, fell ill thro' Rage and Despair; and dying in a few Months, the Marquis return'd to *Marseilles* with his Wife, where they liv'd above twenty Years in the most perfect Union, till this Intriguing Woman found the Art to break it. Judge therefore, *Madame*, of the Grief and Amazement of the Marchioness at such a Proposition, made in the coolest and most indifferent Manner. She had never before the least Doubt of the Validity of her Marriage; and having in vain us'd her utmost Efforts to bring the Marquis to himself again, and thrown herself at his Feet, without obtaining any Favour, she was obliged to obey, immediately took a Chair, and retir'd into the Convent of the *Ursulines* at *Marseilles*, with only one Woman to attend her; and inform'd us of the deplorable Situation she was in.

So amazing an Event alarm'd the whole City. There was not one Person
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of Consideration who did not immediately take the Part of the Marchioness, and go to offer her their Purse and Assistance. Given up to the most bitter Sorrow, she had no Recourse but to her Tears : What have I then done, said she, to the *Marquis de Londé*, that he should use me thus inhumanly ? If he seduc'd me so far as to withdraw into the Castle, where he marry'd me, ought he now to make use of a Want of the necessary Forms against me, which I was always ignorant of ? I trusted wholly to him ; could I imagine he was capable of deceiving me so cruelly ? And since we have liv'd together, has he had any Reason of Complaint against me ? Heaven is my Witness, I never swerv'd from my Duty. Oh ! what does he design should become of our Son ? That dear Child so tenderly lov'd, the only Fruit of our Marriage, must he then be look'd upon as an Illegitimate ? Ah ! I can never survive such an Affront, which I am far from deserving.

These just Complaints were soon brought to the Ears of the then Bishop of *Marseilles*, who was ally'd to the *Marquis de Londé*. He visited this un-

for-

fortunate Lady in the Convent; and being fully instructed in the Affair, he went to the Marquis. He found him more blinded than ever by his new Mistress, and fix'd in the Resolution of breaking his Marriage. He employ'd in vain the most affectionate Prayers, and the most lively Remonstrances. If there was any Formality wanting in the Ceremony of your Marriage, said he, 'tis in my Power to supply it. Consider, *Monsieur*, that in the Sight of God the Marchioness is your lawful Wife; and that with Regard to Men, after having dishonour'd yourself thus, they will oblige you to look upon her as such; whilst it is yet Time, and before this Affair has gone any farther, believe my Words, and render *Madame de Londé* the Justice that is due to her.

The Marquis was deaf to every Reason the Bishop could urge to him; and notwithstanding the Advice and Remonstrances of all People of Worth and Merit, he enter'd a Process against his Wife, and pretended his Marriage was void. The Advocates on both Sides were ready to expose their Reasons, and all *Marseilles* was attentive to hear what

would be decided; when the young *Count de Londé*, to whom his Mother had wrote at *Paris*, arriv'd in a Post-Chaise: he alighted at the Convent where his Mother was retir'd; and having been inform'd by her of the unworthy Procedure of the Marquis his Father, he flew in the utmost Emotion to his House.

Monsieur de Londé, who did not expect the Arrival of this young Man, was then with my Father, my Husband, and three other Persons of the greatest Distinction in *Marseilles*. The Count enter'd into his Apartment, melting into Tears; he threw himself at the Feet of his Father with the most respectful Submission: Is it possible, my Lord, said he to him, that you can make a Person die with Despair, who has been so very dear to you, and who loves you to that Excess, by dishonouring her, and endeavouring to make her pass for an infamous Concubine? Have you reflected that by this you will deprive me of the tender Name of Son, which you have till now always given me? Has my Mother, or myself, behav'd to you in such a manner as to deserve this dreadful Instance of your Anger? and, if we had

had been the most guilty upon Earth towards you, would my Mother be less your legitimate Wife, and I your Son? Consider, *Monsieur*, 'tis your Blood that flows within my Veins. I am ready to shed it to the last Drop for your Service: But, in the Name of my Mother, whom you once so tenderly lov'd, do not reduce me to Despair. Can I remain in the Company where you yourself had the Goodness to place me? Reflect, my Lord, upon the deplorable Situation you will reduce me to, if you persist in these barbarous Sentiments. No, my Lord, you cannot be capable of such an Action.

The *Marquis de Londé* had the Patience to hearken to all these Complaints, but without shewing the least Emotion: *Monsieur*, reply'd he to the young Count, if I have shewn any Favours to you, it was wholly in Regard to your Mother, whom I do not deny I have lov'd. I was willing to feign a Belief upon her Word, that you belong'd to me: But, as I have Proofs of the contrary, and I never marry'd your Mother according to the Rules of the Church, I declare to you, that you are not my Son, and

I forbid you for the future to take that Name : I shall only, out of Humanity, settle a Pension for your Subsistence—— Ah ! my Lord, return'd eagerly the young Count, if you are not my Father, I will receive nothing from you ; but you cannot deny in your own Bosom that I owe my Life to you : An unhappy Passion makes you forget what you owe to *Madame de Londé*, to me, and to yourself. Ah ! my Lord, continued he embracing his Knees, will you suffer me to retire with the Shame of a Refusal, which must plunge my Mother and myself into the vilest and most despicable Condition ? I am sorry for it, *Monsieur*, interrupted the Marquis ; 'tis an Affair fully resolv'd upon, and nothing can move me. I repeat it to you once more, you are not my Son : Your artificial Discourses shall not excite my Compassion. Withdraw, and never let me see you more. —— And what Right have you to speak to me with such Command, if you are not my Father ? resum'd the young Count rising with the utmost Transports of Passion. Am I to receive Orders from the most inhuman of Mankind, who has a Soul more
 • savage

savage than the cruellest of Animals? — I am not then your Son? No, reply'd the Marquis haughtily, thou art not; this is the third time I have assur'd thee so. I still stood in need of your speaking it to me with that Tone, pursu'd the Count, before I could close the Respect I have always till now thought I ow'd to you, and before I could force from my Heart all that Tendernefs I feel, and which you are unworthy of. Well then, since you are not my Father, it is sufficient now for me to know that thou would'st stain the Honour of my Mother : I acknowledge thee no longer but, as a Tiger, thirsty for my Blood; haste then to pierce this Bosom, which thou sayest does not belong to thee. Thou wilt not succeed in it so easily as thou imaginest; thy own will be at least in equal Danger : Draw then this Moment, these Gentlemen are Men of too much Honour to prevent us from terminating this Instant our Differences. The young Count at the same Time with Eyes full of Fury advanc'd towards the Marquis with his Sword drawn, when he, seeing the Extremity to which he was reduc'd, laid his Hand upon his Sword. Do you

consider, said he, to what you would oblige me? you would, perhaps, be guilty of Parricide, or force me to murder — a Man who — Of Parricide, my Lord! return'd the Count throwing down his Sword: You have assur'd me but too affirmatively that I am not your Son — Ah! could I do otherwise in the unhappy Situation I am in? interrupted the Marquis with a hesitating Voice, and the Tears starting into his Eyes — Ah! my Lord, cry'd the young Count falling at his Feet, and taking his Hand, which he kiss'd respectfully; You are my Father, I acknowledge you by these Emotions, which Nature only can inspire — I implore a Pardon for my rash Sally: Wash away in my Blood the Fault I have committed; I shall not murmur at it, if you restore my Mother to the Honour of your Love. She deserves it, my Lord, by the tender Attachment she has always had for you: Permit me then to flatter myself that my Tears have mov'd you; or else suffer me to punish myself for having offended you; and let me throw off a Life, which would become odious to me, if I had still the Misfortune to displease.

please you——The young Count having then took up his Sword, he turn'd its Point against his own Breast, and attended the Answer of the Marquis, who rais'd him up, and embrac'd him with Tenderness. My dear Son, said he, you have tore off that Veil of Darkness which obscured my Sight. Yes, I will restore to your Mother a Heart which is lawfully hers; and I now feel that I detest the Person who oblig'd me to be guilty of such Injustice; I will never see her more: Had it not been for you, I should have cover'd myself with eternal Infamy and Reproach. Come, my Son, come, and be the Witness of my Repentance, and of the Pardon I shall demand of your Mother: I restore you both the Tenderness I always bore you. Then the Marquis having order'd his Equipage, they all went to the Convent of the *Ursulines*, where the Marquis having tenderly embrac'd his Wife, conjur'd her to forget his Errors; and to convince her that he was in no Danger of a Relapse, he conducted her to the Bishop of *Marseilles*, who immediately led them to the Church, and himself legitimated their

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Marriage. The Widow, who pretended to the Hand of the Marquis, was in so much Consternation at a Change which she so little expected, that she was ready to die with Grief : She could not support the Railleries she was forced to hear continually in *Marseilles*, but was oblig'd to quit the City ; and the Marquis and Marchioness *de Londé* continued for the future in an uninterrupted Union.

MEMOIRS



THE

of my two Brothers called
 handsome and well-made, was not yet
 fix'd in his Choice. Tho' his younger
 Bro.



THE
Fortunate Orphan:
 OR,

MEMOIRS

OF THE
 COUNTESS of *MARLOU.*

PART IV.



YOU have now, *Madame*, seen almost my whole Family well establish'd : Only the eldest of my two Brothers call'd *De Grigni*, who was extremely handsome, and well-made, was not yet fix'd in his Choice. Tho' his younger

Brother had set him an Example, he
 seem'd to be in no Haste to imitate it :
 his Hour was not come, and above five
 Years pass'd before he thought of Love
 or Marriage. He was one Day upon the
 Port when a Vessel arriv'd, which came
 from *Civita Vecchia* ; there landed from
 it several Persons who did not deserve
 his Attention : But in a few Moments
 after he was dazzled by the Lustre of a
 young Woman of about Eighteen, support-
 ed by the Arm of another, who appear'd to
 be near Threescore ; a profound Sorrow
 reign'd in her Face : She was follow'd by
 the Captain, and Officers of the Vessel ;
 and the Fatigues of the Sea having im-
 pair'd her Health, or else a violent Cha-
 grin being the Occasion of her Disorder,
 she had not advanc'd twenty Steps on the
 Shore before she found herself so ill, that
 she must have fallen, notwithstanding
 the Woman who assisted her, if my Bro-
 ther, whose Eyes never quitted her, had
 not supported her. He was carrying her
 himself to the nearest House in the Port,
 when a Man, who follow'd her at a
 Distance, flew forwards like a Man in
 Distraction, drew his Sword, and plun-
 ged it into the Body of my unfortunate
 Bro-

ther. He fell without quitting the Person whom he held; and the Soldier who was upon guard at the Port, being a Witness of this base Action, and endeavouring to do his Duty by Stopping the Assassin; that Brutal Wretch precipitated himself upon him so blindly and with so much Rashness, that running himself upon the Soldier's Sword, he fell dead at his Feet. As there were many Witnesses of this Action, and that the Soldier was far from being in the wrong, a Verbal Process was immediately drawn up in his Favour, whilst the young Lady and my Brother were carried to the nearest Surgeon.

They had just put the first Dressing upon his Wounds, when the *Count de Corberon*, my Mother and myself, inform'd of my Brother's Assassination, flew all in Tears to the Surgeon's. He assured us that the Noble Parts being untouch'd, *de Grigni* was not in any Danger. Made more calm by this Assurance, we turn'd our Attention upon the Person who was the innocent Cause of his Misfortune. She had but a little before recover'd the use of her Senses. Surpris'd to find herself in a Place unknown, and near a Man whom she saw wounded, she ask'd the
 Woman

Woman who accompanied her, in *Italian*, the meaning of it, and what was become of her Persecutor. He lives no longer, *Madame*, reply'd she; a Soldier upon the Port has reveng'd the unworthy Action he was base enough to be guilty of, by traiterously wounding this young Officer who supported you in his Arms, when you were discover'd upon coming out of the Ship. Ah! cry'd she lifting up her Hands to Heaven, he is then dead as he deserved. What! am I deliver'd for ever from a Monster whom I could never look on without Horror, and yet with whom I must have been oblig'd to pass my Life? and am I at length the Widow of a Man who never was my Husband, though I was forced to give him my Hand? This Discourse understood by almost all the Spectators, and particularly by my Brother (who spoke *Italian* extremely well) threw them all into Astonishment. Ah! Sister, said he to me, if you wish to preserve my Days, take care of this afflicted Beauty: I interest myself so strongly in her Fate, that all the Happiness of my Life depends upon it. I understand you, dearest Brother, reply'd I, your Desire shall

shall be satisfy'd to the utmost; think only of hastening your own Recovery.

Whilst *de Grigni* was removed home to my Father's, I remain'd with this beautiful Unknown. *Madame*, said I to her, my Brother, who is more sensible of the Condition you are in, than of the Wound which he receiv'd in endeavouring to assist you, depends upon your not refusing to accept of my House; and I flatter myself to be able there, to dissipate the Sorrow which appears in your Face. Ah! *Madame*, reply'd this charming Stranger, half in *Italian*, which I understood a little, and half in broken *French*, all my Misfortunes are finished now, since the Assassin of your Brother is dead; and I have no real Affliction, but that of knowing him in so cruel a Situation upon my Account. I accept your Offers with Pleasure, and shall not depart from *Marseilles*, till I find him perfectly recover'd: It would be the highest Ingratitude in Me to behave otherwise. I carry'd this Lady home with me, and *Mr. de La Pastriere*, after having receiv'd her with much Politeness, flew to the *Count de Corberon's*, to examine himself into the Condition of my Brother's Wound. He found him
very

very weak from the quantity of Blood he had lost; but he did not apprehend his Wound to be dangerous. The Deceas'd was interr'd without any Ceremony. His supposed Widow, out of decency appear'd in Mourning, which gave her greater occasion for Joy than Sorrow; and my Brother recovering every Day, I propos'd to the Beautiful *Italian* to pay him a Visit. I spoke so much to her of his Merit and good Qualities, that I excited her Curiosity, and she almost wish'd as much to be acquainted with him, as he did to see her again. I was the more inclined to procure my Brother the Satisfaction he desir'd, as this Lady, besides being extremely amiable, was of one of the most illustrious Families of *Rome*, and that by the Death of her Husband, whose Estate was settled upon her at their Marriage, she was become excessively Rich. This she herself told me in Conversation, and I had inform'd my Father and Brother of it. At length the Time arriv'd of conducting her to the Apartment of the wounded *Grigni*. I come Signor, (said she in *Italian*, which she knew my Brother spoke perfectly well) I come to testify all the Sorrow imaginable for the Accident which

which has reduced you to this melancholy Condition; and I am the more touch'd with it, as the Disaster befell you on my Account, and as *Madame the Countess de Marlou*, to whose Goodness I am extremely obliged, has assured me that the Blow was very near being Mortal. Ah! *Madame*, return'd my Brother, if my Life seem'd at first to be in Danger, the Wound I receiv'd from the Traitor who attack'd me so basely, had less share in it, than that which was made by your Eyes. Yes, *Madame*, till the moment I saw you, I look'd upon all your Sex with Indifference; to you alone it was reserv'd to triumph over my Insensibility, and I must have died with Grief, if it had not been permitted me to hope I might offer to you a Heart which can never love any but yourself ——— *Signor*, interrupted the Beauteous *Italian*, this is not a proper time to speak of these Affairs; think now only of your Recovery, and be persuaded your Life is not indifferent to me ——— My Brother would have answer'd, when the *Count de Corberon* and my Mother arrived. They gave the most tender Caresses to that Lady; and afterwards the *Countess* having hinted she must have most strong

strong Reasons to hate the Deceas'd, since he had so greatly acquired her Aversion and Horror. 'Tis true, *Madame*, reply'd the *Italian*; and I should think myself failing in the Gratitude I owe to you and your whole Family if I made a Secret of them. *Mr. de Grigni*, whom I desire to be my Interpreter to you, will inform you whether I am in the wrong or no.

I am called *Argenia*. I was Daughter to the late *Marquis Rackini*, who resided at *Rome*. My Mother, whom he married out of Love, was related to the *Colonnas*. She had three Children by him, a Son and two Daughters, of which I was the Eldest. My Brother was a Man of Sense, he studied in the *Roman College*, and contracted a Friendship there with a young Man of uncommon Merit, and who wanted nothing to make him happy but a Knowledge of the Authors of his Birth. A Priest, who deliver'd him into the Hands of the Woman that brought him up, gave her at the same time a Contract of a Hundred *Roman Crowns* Yearly, upon the *Mont de Pieta*, under the name of *Geli*, which he told her was the Infant's; and from that time the good old Woman never heard of him more.

Geli,

Geli, arrived at an Age to be capable of compleating his Studies, he perform'd them, as I have already told you, with my Brother. All his Ressource was, the uncommon Wit Nature had endow'd him with: He compos'd Pieces both in Verse and Prose of so exquisite a Taste, that all *Rome* perus'd them with the most excessive Pleasure. *Dorini*, (who was the Person that so basely wounded you) by an excess of Affectation, was the only Person that without Sense or Reason criticised the Works of *Geli*. He often met with Raileries and Affronts upon that occasion, which provoked him without Amendement. An Uncle who was a Father to him, often gave him the most lively Reproofs in vain. I wish, said he to him, my Nephew, you had the same Wit and right Judgment that *Geli* is Master of. Notwithstanding the Hatred you continually express to him, and the Contempt you show of his Works; do you ever see him endeavour to return it? Might not he with justice lance some stroke of Satire against you, which might wound you to the Quick? on the contrary he has spared no Advances to acquire your Friendship. To all these Remonstrances, *Dorini* made no Answer, or answered

swered only with Impertinence. But as his Uncle had the greatest Foible in favour of this Nephew, who bore his Name, as unjust as he thought him in the Prejudices he took against all Mankind, he could not forbear often applauding him; and *Dorini* was so sensible of the Degree to which his Uncle loved him, that he could always make him act conformable to his Desires.

Geli came often to visit my Mother, who had been a Widow near six Years. As she was a Woman of Wit herself, and had a taste of Poetry, she was extremely polite to him. The predominant Character of this young Man was Tenderness, and his Verses always sympathised with that ruling Passion. One Day as he was repeating to my Mother a most touching Elegy upon the Misfortune he was under of not knowing his Parents, my Sister and I, who were present, could not refrain from Tears at the recital of it. Your Father either must be dead, said my Mother to him, or must have very essential Reasons to hinder him from declaring that he gave you Life, not to be flatter'd with the Honour that this Acknowledgment would give him. As to me, added she,
if

if I was in his place, whatever Rank I held, I should not hesitate a moment to own you for my Son. Ah! *Madame* said *Geli*; The Many, who never think thus, will always overcome the Few who judge so rightly. An unjust Prejudice makes all the Shame of such a Birth fall upon us, and we are despised. They do at least something more just in *Spain*, in such a case, resumed my Mother: All Children that are abandon'd by those to whom they owe their Birth, are reputed Noble there. 'Tis a kind of *Spanish* Vanity which makes them decide thus, added *Geli*: That Nation rather chooses to confer Nobility upon those of a low Birth, than to hazard depriving those of it who were really born so. Thus it is not a Sentiment of Humanity, but of Pride, which makes them act in this manner.

We were, as I have already said, present at this Conversation, and I imagined *Julia*, which was the Name of my Sister, did not listen to it with Indifference. In effect, as we always had the same Apartment when we were retired, our Conversation turn'd wholly upon the Merit of *Geli*, and the unhappy Prejudice of the World against those in his Situation. How cruel
would

would it be, said I to her, if a young Woman of Birth shou'd be so unhappy as to admire such a Man as *Geli*! with the most uncommon Merit, and the most meritorious Behaviour, if he does not find a Father worthy of him, cou'd she ever own her Passion without Shame? Ah! my Sister, cry'd *Julia*, how I dread the Fate of being myself that unhappy Maid! I esteem this young Man infinitely; nay, I know not whether my Heart has not already granted him something more than Esteem: I am enchanted with his Wit, his Figure, and his Behaviour. What Comparison, for Example, can there be made between him and the *Marquis Dorini*, who affects such Assiduities to you? Never speak to me of that Man, reply'd I; He is even by the account of People of his own Age, of so vicious a Character, that I am in Despair lest my Mother should allow him to have Access to us. He is rich already by his own Estate, and he will be still more so by the Succession of his Uncle. In this consists the whole Merit of the Cavalier — Yet, my dearest Sister, return'd *Julia*, this Man for whom you have so much Aversion, according to all Appearances, must soon be your Husband,

and *Geli* never can be mine, though I am not ignorant he feels an Inclination for me. How much are we both to be pity'd!

After many Reflections, which still turn'd upon the same Subject, we went to our Repose, and were awaken'd the next Morning by my Mother herself; She enter'd into our Room and sat down in an easy Chair which was by the Bed. *Argenia*, said she to me, you know your Father did not leave you a Fortune considerable enough to aspire to one of the greatest Matches in *Rome*; his Fortune was not equal either to his Birth or to mine: Nevertheless here is a young Man of the first Quality, and extremely rich, who presents himself for you: It is the *Marquis Dorini*. His Uncle, who has demanded you of me, ascertains to him in Favour of this Marriage a very considerable Estate. I believe you too prudent not to accept of so solid an Establishment. I had not Strength to interrupt my Mother, I was in so much Consternation at her Proposal. But having a little recover'd myself: What! *Madame*, said I to her, shall I become the Wife of the most contemptible Man in *Rome*? of a Madman, who acts upon all occasions only as he is guided

ed by the blindest Prejudice? of a Libertine, a Brutal Wretch, who because he has scarce had any Intimacy but with Women of a loose Conduct, or those who are suspected of it, is perswaded that there is not a virtuous Woman in the World? Ah! *Madame*, to what cruel Misfortunes will you expose me by an Union with such a Monster! Why will you let his Riches dazzle you? Ah! suffer me to remain unmarried all my Life, or let a Cloister enclose me for ever, rather than be oblig'd to consent to what you require — You heighten your Characters too much, return'd my Mother. I do not say that *Dorini* is without Defects: He may be a little too rash, and give himself up too much to his Pleasures, as all young Men of his Age will do: But he may be reclaim'd from those Errors. You are so prudent, so well brought up, and he loves you with such Ardour, that I doubt not but you will entirely change his Conduct. Do not therefore oppose a frivolous Resistance to my Commands, but endeavour to conform to them with a good Grace. I am willing to defer your Union for some Months, that you may have time to undeceive your self as to your Opinion of your future Spouse;

Spouse; but when this term is pass'd, I beg you would make no further opposition.

My Mother then rose, and having quitted us, I gave myself up to the most excessive Sorrow. *Julia* shared my Affliction; yet notwithstanding the cruel Situation of my Heart, I was obliged to constrain myself, and that very Evening receive *Dorini*, whom my Mother presented to me as one who was shortly to be my Husband. Happily some Affairs having call'd her out of the Apartment where my Sister and I receiv'd him, I thought to seize upon that Moment to excite his Generosity, if he was capable of it. *Signor*, said I to him, I must make use of the absence of *Madame Rachini*, to beg a favour of you. You are a Man of too much Honour to abuse the favourable Dispositions that my Mother shews in your regard. I wish it was in my power to consent to what she exacts from me: But I have an extream Repugnance to Marriage, and I conjure you, without saying that I have any part in it, to desist from desiring an Union which would make my Life unhappy. *Dorini* receiv'd my proposition Cavalierly, and railly'd me very

K

grossly

grossly upon the fears which Marriage gave me. No, *Mademoiselle* said he, I must not grant what you demand. We know all Women wish to have a pleasing Violence used to them upon such Occasions; a Mistaken Bashfulness exacts this of them: But we are never the Dupes of it. I may add too, that generally this kind of Antipathy which is feign'd to Marriage, conceals some Passion unworthy of appearing; and if you persist in your Resolution, you will perhaps make me believe the illustrious *Geli*, that celebrated Author so extoll'd amongst some of the pretended Wits of *Rome*, and so consider'd in this Family, has a share in the Repugnance you express upon this occasion. I esteem *Geli*, re-sumed I with some Sharpness; I should show great Meanness of Taste, if I had not that Sentiment in common with all the People of Distinction in *Rome*; and I follow in this the Opinion of my Mother, who is capable of doing justice to his Merit. This is as much as I ought to say to you upon that Article; and I should stoop too much if I condescended to justify myself farther to you. My Mother, who return'd at that moment, seeing me in Emotion, immediately guess'd there had been some

Dispute

Dispute between us — *Geli*, *Madame*, said *Dorini* to her with an insulting Laugh, was the Subject of our Conversation: *Mademoiselle*, who at least honours him with her good Opinion, takes his part with great Heat. Ah! *Signor*, let us not speak of *Geli*, return'd my Mother, I see him here always with Pleasure and without Consequence. Oh! I believe so, as to you *Madame*, reply'd *Dorini*, you are too prudent to suffer such a Man to have any Designs upon the Ladies your Daughters: But those Heroes of Parnassus think nothing superior to them, and their flattering Applauses sometimes seduce the Hearts of young People, who don't think with the Solidity that you do.

Dorini had scarce finish'd this Remonstrance, before my Brother and *Geli* enter'd the Apartment in which we were. The last in vain used the utmost Politeness to him, he affected not to take the least notice of him, and went out soon after with Eyes sparkling with Fury. My Sister, who had not interfer'd in the Conversation, but examined all the Motions of *Dorini* attentively, was alarm'd at it. She drew my Brother apart, and having told him in few Words of what had pass'd, she expressed

an Uneasiness, lest *Dorini* in his Passion shou'd make use of base means to attack the Life of *Geli*. My Brother, who loved her extremely, reassured her: But knowing the Character of *Dorini*, did not neglect this Advice; and when *Geli*, two Hours after, retir'd, he took care to follow him without being perceiv'd, accompany'd by two Valets well arm'd. Alas, *Madame!* but for this Precaution, *Geli* had been no longer alive. He was not above two Hundred Paces from the House, when at the turning of a Street a Pistol was shot at him, the Ball of which went through his Hat, without wounding him; and at the same time was attack'd by four Men Masqued, who fell upon him with their Swords drawn. It was happy my Brother follow'd his Friend so near; he flew hastily, supported by his Valets, upon these wretched Assassins, and with the assistance of *Geli* kill'd Two of them, and dangerously wounded the third, but cou'd not seize upon the last, who escaped them. The *Barigella* with his *Sbirri's* running up at the Noise, learnt from my Brother and *Geli*, what had happen'd. They carry'd off the wounded Man, who was known to be a Domestick of *Dorini's*; and as he
feign'd

feign'd his Wounds prevented him from the liberty of answering the Questions which were then put to him, his Interrogation was deferr'd till the next Day, when they intended if possible to draw the Truth from him. But a Bafon of Gruel, which was sent to him at Daybreak, under the Name of a Lady of great Merit, (who difown'd the fending it) prevented him for ever from fpeaking. He dy'd in lefs than a Quarter of an Hour, in moft dreadful Convulfions, and without a poffibility of giving him any fpiritual Affiftance. It was eafily imagined from whence the Gruel came: But my Brother and *Geli* being unwilling to purfue the Affair, the *Barigello* did not think proper to fearch farther into it, and the thing was hush'd.

Dorini, in perfect Security, and feigning Ignorance of the Affaffination, came the next Day to the Houfe; upon his being told it, he wifh'd my Brother Joy of this Escape, with a Coolnefs and Steadinefs that fhowed the blackeft and moft dreadful Mind. My Mother was deceived by it, and rejecting our Suspitions with Indignation, ſhe continued to prefs me in favour of this Monster. As my Family were ignorant that *Dorini* poffeff'd ſo villanous and ſo

black a Soul, he thought proper to visit all the Relations of my Father, but principally the *Collonna's*, to whom my Mother was related, and made them so sensible of the Advantages I should find in his Alliance with regard to the great Estate which would be settled upon me in favour of this Marriage, that there was not one of them but assured him of his Consent. The Family then was assembled at the House of my Mother, and notwithstanding all my Remonstrances and Tears, I was obliged to sign a Contract which united me to him, and by which his Uncle made me a donation of all his Riches, reserving to himself only the Possession of them for his Life. The Celebration of the Marriage was deferr'd, not for some Months, as my Mother had assured me, but for fifteen Days only. It was impossible for me during that time, I was so strictly watch'd, to leave the House and throw myself into a Convent as I resolv'd upon, to avoid the Violence done me. At length the dreadful Day arrived, and in spite of all my Hatred for *Dorini*, and the abundance of my Tears, I was forced to the Altar, a miserable Victim to Interest and Avarice ; and not daring to resist the
absolute

absolute Commands of my Mother and of the whole Family, I was forced to give my Hand to the base and perfidious *Dorini*. I cannot give him Titles too odious, you yourselves shall be my Judges.

He was not ignorant that my Brother, who loved me infinitely, had used his utmost Efforts with my Mother to prevent his Marriage. Besides he had shown him that he was the Friend and the Protector of *Geli*. He was resolved therefore no longer to defer his Revenge; and tir'd with seeing his Uncle still live, who perhaps enjoy'd too long the possession of an Estate he expected with Greediness, he resolv'd to dispatch them both on the same Day. Doubtless the Person who was charged with the Draught sent to the Assassin, had the same Commission for my Brother and the Uncle of *Dorini*. They both found themselves so disorder'd before the Repast was over, and with the same Symptoms, that their Conditions gave great Reason to be certain they could not survive that Night. Whilst *Dorini* affected a profound Sorrow at this Event, which he believ'd they would not imagine he had a share in, and was assiduous to assist his Uncle, I took hold of the Confusion this

occasion'd in the Assembly, and leaving the House alone and on Foot, I was so happy as to arrive safe at the Convent of the *Nuns of the Visitation*, the Superior of which was a Relation of my Father's. I related to her all my Misfortunes, and the little Security there was of Life in the Hands of a Man so familiar with Poisons and Assassinations. She not only granted me a Retreat in her Convent, but sent immediately for the *Judge Criminal*, who receiv'd my Accusation, and perceiving the danger my Life was in with such a Man as *Dorini*, permitted me to remain in the Convent, till it was otherwise determined.

You may suppose this Wretch became furious at the News of my Evasion. I had the Misfortune to be loved by him to as great a degree as I detested him, which is saying the utmost. His Rage redoubled, when he heard of my Retreat into the Monastery, the Procedure I had commenced against him, and that I was there under the Protection of the Law. It was in vain for him to employ his Friends; my Mother, distracted at the Death of her Son, join'd herself to me, deploring, tho' too late, my unhappy Fate; and that

Monster

Monster was too happy, in not being able to be clearly convicted of the Crimes of which he was so strongly suspected. It was resolv'd I shou'd remain one Year in the Convent ; after which if no farther Proofs cou'd be found, I shou'd be oblig'd to return. I lived with Tranquillity in this pious Retirement ; my Mother, and my Sister came almost every Day to see me, and mingle their Tears with mine. My Mother, in Despair for having abused her Authority, testified all possible Sorrow at the Situation she was sensible I must be in when the Year was expired. But as I had Time before me, I implored continually the Assistance of Heaven to be favourable to me, and was resolved to undertake every thing, rather than fall again into the Hands of this Traitor.

I had been about six Months in the Convent, when my Sister came to me one Morning alone. She was in such Transports of Joy, that I was amazed. I look'd upon her with the greatest Surprize, when she said to me, taking my Hand through the Grate and pressing it : Ah ! my dear *Argenia*, how happy am I ! *Geli*, the amiable *Geli*, has found his Father, a Father affectionate, rich, who acknowledg-

es him for his Son, and not only loads him with Beneficence, but favouring the Passion he feels for me, has demanded me of my Mother for his Wife.

The Interests of my Sister and those of *Geli* were so dear to me, continued *Madame Dorini*, they were so attach'd to mine, that I think I ought to interrupt here the Relation of my own Adventures, to instruct you in those of *Julia* and her Lover. These words having excited our Curiosity, and we having all assured her we should listen with Pleasure, she went on in these Terms.

What my Sister inform'd me, gave me the most excessive Surprize and the greatest Pleasure. Oh! Heaven! cry'd I, my dearest *Julia*, how I am transported with the News! And my Mother, had she the Goodness to approve of the Proposal of the amiable *Geli*? — Cou'd she refuse it, return'd my Sister, when the Father of *Geli* is the *Marquis* of *Medulphi*? What, the Brother of my Mother, said I, he who for these ten Years has led so melancholy and so retired a Life? Yes, reply'd *Julia*; *Geli* is his Son, and our Cousin. But how was this Mystery discover'd? added I. Read this Letter, resumed

sumed she: it will explain to you one Part of the *Enigma*, and I will disclose the other to you. As I have preserv'd, continued *Madame Dorini*, a Copy of this Letter which *Julia* gave me, and which was writ by her Lover to the *Marquiss* of *Medulphi* our Uncle, I will read it to you in his own Words.

MY LORD,

“ **N** EED I make any Apology for
 “ this Address, from one who has
 “ not the Honour to be personally known
 “ to you? Your acknowledg’d Humanity
 “ satisfies, me I need not when I inform
 “ you, that I am obliged to take the Li-
 “ berty to recall to your Memory, Facts
 “ too interesting to my Happiness and to
 “ my Duty to suffer them to be buried in
 “ Oblivion.

“ I am call’d *Januarius Lewis Au-*
 “ *gustin*. I was born the 15th of *Febru-*
 “ *ary* 1669. I was baptiz’d at *Naples* un-
 “ der your Name at the Church of *St.*
 “ *John*, and till I was three Years Old
 “ I bore that of *Coloni* which you gave
 “ me. The chimerical Honour of seeing
 “ the Blood of an Illustrious Family flow
 “ in my Veins, is not the Phantom which

“ I pursue ; neither is the Fortune and
 “ the Honour which you enjoy the sub-
 “ ject of my Wishes.

“ I search after him who gave me Life,
 “ whose Actions have made him revered,
 “ that I may deserve by my Submission
 “ and Attachment to acquire his Tender-
 “ ness.

“ As soon as I saw the Light, a Nurse
 “ who inhabited in the Suburbs of *Poz-*
 “ *zoli* was charged with the Care of my
 “ Infancy ; and for three Years there was
 “ exactly remitted to her what was due
 “ for my Subsistence and her Care. You
 “ will be pleased to recollect, my Lord,
 “ the Earthquake which at that time hap-
 “ pen’d near the City of *Naples*. My
 “ Nurse was buried under the Ruins of
 “ her House. I was deliver’d from it by
 “ a Miracle, and was carried away the
 “ next Day by a Person unknown, who
 “ having brought me to *Rome*, had me
 “ conducted under the name of *Geli*, by
 “ an Ecclesiastick, to a Widow named
 “ *Herpini*. The Goodness of her Heart,
 “ and the Inclination she naturally felt
 “ for all her Children, made her adopt
 “ me as her own. After having me
 “ taught the first Elements of Learning,

“ I

“ I follow’d my Studies in the *Roman*
 “ *College*. I was not thirteen when my
 “ Masters appear’d so surpriz’d at the
 “ Genius I show’d for Poetry, that hey
 “ flatter’d my Vanity by naming me the
 “ little *Petrarch*. I shall not presume,
 “ my Lord, to speak of the Applauses
 “ which were given, and the Approbation
 “ that Men of the greatest Quality in
 “ *Rome* have always express’d for me
 “ and my Works; their greatest Praise,
 “ is, they have sometimes had the Hap-
 “ piness to please you.

“ ’Tis now about fifteen Days since a
 “ Person came to the Widow *Herpini*.
 “ He deliver’d to her for me a Purse, in
 “ which there was two hundred Ducats,
 “ and a Note, writ from a Lady of *Bo-*
 “ *logna*, who said she was extremely ill,
 “ and desired to see me with all Expedi-
 “ tion, that she might do me an impor-
 “ tant Service. I took Post immediately:
 “ I arriv’d at *Bologna*. An old Man, to
 “ whom the Letter which I receiv’d di-
 “ rected me, conducted me in the Night
 “ and almost in Silence, to a retir’d
 “ House not far from the Walls of the
 “ City, and brought me into an Apart-
 “ ment neatly tho’ not magnificently fur-
 “ nished,

“ nish’d, where he left me alone. I found
 “ there a Lady in Bed, Sicknefs had soft-
 “ ned her Charms without destroying
 “ them. She ftill preserv’d a Beauty and
 “ Languor which inspired me with Com-
 “ paffion ; and if I dare make ufe of the
 “ Expreflion, notwithstanding the Emoti-
 “ on my Prefence gave her, and the Ap-
 “ proaches of Death, ſhe ftill preserv’d in
 “ her Face thofe Charms which juftified
 “ the Paffion ſhe had created in your
 “ Heart, and to which I owe my Life.

“ Immediately, with a trembling Voice,
 “ ſhe made known to me the principal
 “ Circumftances of the History of my
 “ Birth, and at the pronouncing your
 “ loved Name, ſhe ſhed a Torrent of
 “ Tears, which pierced me to the Heart !
 “ She took my Hand, put a Ring upon
 “ my Finger, which ſhe commanded me
 “ to ſhew to you ; and at that fatal Mo-
 “ ment, I receiv’d at once her firft Em-
 “ braces, and her laſt Sighs.

“ I would then have call’d for Aſſiſt-
 “ ance ; but my Voice and my Strength
 “ failing me, with exceſs of Emotion I
 “ fainted away : I was took up in that
 “ Condition, and carry’d to the Habitati-
 “ on of the old Man who had conducted
 “ me

“ me thither. When I came to myself,
 “ I found upon the Table in the Cham-
 “ ber a Copy of the Contract of Marriage
 “ you pass’d with my Mother in 1688,
 “ the Letter that you writ to her when
 “ she laid in of me at *Naples* the 15th of
 “ *February* 1669, and a Case of Diamonds,
 “ the Value of which I am assured is a-
 “ bove ten thousand Ducats. I send all
 “ these to you, my Lord, accompanied
 “ with the Ring which my unhappy Mo-
 “ ther receiv’d from you along with the
 “ Contract, that sacred Proof of your
 “ violent Passion. They will doubtless
 “ retrace in your Memory the Remem-
 “ brance of your Love, and her Misfor-
 “ tunes.

“ The old Man having commanded
 “ me from my Mother to depart imme-
 “ diately, I obey’d her last Orders and re-
 “ turn’d to *Rome*. When I arrived at the
 “ Widow *Herpini’s*, if any thing had been
 “ capable of alleviating my Loss, it would
 “ have been the tender Reception she
 “ gave me. The Uncertainty of my Birth
 “ had made no Impression upon her
 “ Heart. Not having heard from me
 “ since my Absence, she was preparing to
 “ take a Journey to *Bologna* in search of
 “ me.

“ me. I cou’d find no Expressions strong
 “ enough to show my Gratitude: her
 “ Embraces and Tears were her only An-
 “ swers to me. May Heaven grant, my
 “ Lord, that your Bounty may one Day
 “ place me in a Situation to recompense
 “ as they deserve such essential Services.

“ When these first Emotions of Ten-
 “ derness were over, I gave this truly
 “ good Woman a detail of all that pass’d,
 “ without naming you. She confess’d the
 “ Truth of the Facts she knew, and re-
 “ main’d in a kind of Extacy at the rela-
 “ tion of those she was ignorant of.

“ My Reason, my Lord, has too strong-
 “ ly convinced me that I have been till
 “ now alone, and of no consequence in
 “ Society, for me not to be sensible of
 “ it; and as sensible that if I should de-
 “ clare myself your Son, the Laws would
 “ deny me the Privileges of it, if in
 “ this Situation I should have the Mis-
 “ fortune to lose you before you had esta-
 “ blish’d my Pretensions. Yet, my Lord,
 “ Nature has reserv’d me a Right, which
 “ I hope you will not refuse: I implore
 “ your Assistance to advance me, your
 “ Advice to conduct me, and your Ten-
 “ derness to make amends for the unhap-

“ py

“ py Fate that has persecuted me and her
 “ who gave me Life. If Reasons which
 “ I ought not to penetrate, have till now
 “ conceal’d from me my Father, Nature
 “ has now restor’d to you a most submis-
 “ sive and respectful Son. He waits your
 “ Commands with Trembling; either to
 “ bear your Name, or to dye with Sorrow
 “ if you judge him unworthy of it.

This Letter, which you see is sign’d *Geli*, and which was address’d to the *Marquis de Medulphi*, said my Sister, was deliver’d to him about twelve Days since, enclos’d in a Box address’d to him, with the Contract of Marriage he gave to the Mother of *Geli*, the Letter he writ to her at *Naples*, the Ring, and the Case with the Diamonds.

The *Marquis* was in a Surprise beyond all Expression, at the receiving of this Box. He could not read the Letter of *Geli*, without being seiz’d with the most lively Sorrow, at the tender Remembrance of his Mother. She is dead then, cry’d he, that dear *Emilia*! After having sought her for ten Years, she is for ever lost to me, at the moment that I hear of her! This fatal

tal Stroke has undone me. Then taking a Pen, he writ only these Words:

“ Come, my dear *Geli*, come, and console a Father penetrated with Sorrow
 “ for the Death of her who brought you
 “ into the World. You alone can support me under such an Affliction.

The Marquiss de Medulphi.

You may believe, my dear *Argenia*, continued my Sister, that without losing a Moment, *Geli* flew to the *Marquiss*, who waited for him with the greatest Impatience. He threw himself at his Knees, which he embrac'd with inexpressible Transports. The *Marquiss* rais'd him up, and pressing him to his Breast, was above a quarter of an Hour before he could pronounce a Word. Ah! *Geli*! said he to him, you never saw your Mother but in her last Moments, and yet she appear'd beautiful even to you: judge what she must be when she gave you Life; she was the most perfect Work of Nature. Doubtless she believ'd me unfaithful, since she could so long resolve to conceal herself from my Pursuits: I never was so, and dead as she is, I still adore her. Why would she deny that Favour to me, she granted

granted to my Son? I should at least when I receiv'd her last adieu, have convinc'd her, I never ceas'd one moment to love her: perhaps that tender Assurance might have recalled her to Life. Ah! my dear *Geli*, not only I acknowledge you in my Heart to be my Son, but I will this moment openly declare it by the most authentick Act. That being immediately executed: Now, my Son, said he, let us depart immediately for *Bologna*: I must see this old Man to whom you were address'd, perhaps he may be less mysterious with me than he was to you. I shall at least learn from him, why my adorable *Emilia* conceal'd herself from my Sight, and the Reasons which obliged her to leave me ignorant of your being in *Rome*. *Geli*, my dear Sister, took Post with the *Marquiss*, without being attended by any Domesticks. They repair'd to *Bologna*. The old Man was extremely surprized when he saw them at his House. My good Friend, said *Geli* to him, preserve the Life of the *Marquiss de Medulphi*, by informing him of the Reasons of my Mother's Flight, and of her Silence towards him; at least instruct him from what Motives she could conceal from so tender and so faithful a Husband,

Husband, that I was his Son! Ah! continued the *Marquiss*, conceal not from me any Circumstances of what interests me so strongly; I conjure you, by what is dearest to you upon Earth. — You ask me things I am ignorant of, reply'd the old Man, but which you may probably learn from *Signora Eugenia*, the Mistress of this House. She is at present in the Country, and does not return to this City till to morrow: Till that time my Lord, I offer you every thing in this House that depends upon me; you shall be the absolute Masters here, and I am persuaded she will not be displeas'd with it. Then the old Man conducting them into another Apartment, I go, my Lord, said he to the *Marquiss*, to give orders for your Supper, and that nothing in our power may be wanting to you. He then withdrew, and left them at their Liberty.

The *Marquiss* and *Geli* had continued about two Hours in this Apartment, conversing upon the unfortunate *Emilia*, when a Domestick came to inform them that Supper was upon the Table. They went into an adjoining Room and sat down to it. The Supper was plain, but elegant; and though they neither of them
eat

eat much, yet they confess'd all that was set before them was exquisite. The old Man entertain'd them during the Repast, which was very short; and having afterwards conducted them into a Chamber in which were two Beds, he told them, that when they desir'd to go to Rest, if they would please to ring, there were Domesticks ready to undress them. The Conversation at first turn'd upon the afflicting Subject which brought 'em thither; but the *Marquiss* happening to cast his Eyes upon some Pictures which were in the Room, gave a piercing Cry when he perceiv'd that of his Wife. There she is, said he, that dear *Emilia*! there is the Mother of *Geli*. Ah! since I have lost the Original, there is nothing I would not give to have so striking a Resemblance of her, whose Memory is so precious to me: they cannot have the Cruelty to refuse me that Satisfaction. *Emilia*, adorable *Emilia*, I have then lost her for ever without a possibility of Hope — The *Marquiss de Medulphi* cou'd not finish these melancholy Reflections, he burst out into Tears. *Geli*, who was excessively moved at this Discourse, threw himself at his Feet to engage him to take some Hours Repose.

Ah

Ah! my Lord, said he, I am touch'd as you are with the most lively Sorrow; but our Tears can neither restore to you a Wife tenderly belov'd, nor to me a Mother whose Memory must be always dear. Let us endeavour to make use of Reason. Must I after having lost so amiable a Mother, lose a Father too no less worthy of my Love, by the Excess of his Grief? At length they lay down, and exhausted with Fatigue and Sorrow, they fell asleep.

It was scarce four in the Morning, when the *Marquiss* thought he heard a Voice which he imagined resembled that of *Emilia*. Ungrateful, said she to him, what comest thou hither to search? thinkest thou by thy Tears to repair the Outrages I have receiv'd from thee? They are too deeply engraved in my Heart; and the unworthy Letters which are before thy Eyes, will eternally reproach thee with the Pains which for ten Years thou madest me suffer. Begone then from this Place, and come not again here to trouble my Repose.

The *Marquiss* gave so dreadful a Shriek, that he awaken'd himself entirely. *Geli* run to assist him: How are you, my Lord, said

said he, what fatal Dream has agitated you? Ah, *Geli!* cry'd the *Marquiss*, what cruel Reproaches have been made me! Unjust *Emilia*, I do not deserve them. Was it not enough to avoid me with Indignation for so considerable a time; even after your Death must your Shadow still treat me with the last Injustice? Ah! I shall dye with Sorrow. What are those Letters you spoke of? where are they? How can I comprehend these cruel Reproaches? For Heaven's sake, my Lord, resum'd *Geli*, recover yourself. An unhappy Dream doubtless has troubled your Senses for some Moments: endeavour to moderate this Excess of Affliction. My Uncle gave no Answer to the Persuasions of his Son; but perceiving upon a *Bureau* that stood near his Bed, a writing Box which his Affliction had hindred him from remarking, and remembring it to have belong'd to *Emilia*, he recollected that it open'd by a secret Spring which he knew. He open'd it immediately, and having found Six or Seven Letters which he read over with Eagerness, he was struck with the most cruel Astonishment, to find they so perfectly imitated his Writing, that any Person but himself must have been deceived

ed by it. Just Heaven! cry'd he lost in Sorrow, here then is the Origin of all my Misfortunes! What! *Emilia*, it was upon these unworthy Letters you condemned me without hearing me? did you believe me capable of writing such insulting Strokes, and could you imagine I carried my Ingratitude to such a barbarous Height? Ah! why would not you explain yourself with me? I should easily have confounded this Calumny, and brought to light the Baseness of my Enemies; you might perhaps have been yet alive; I should not find myself loaded with the dreadful Weight of your Hatred; and you would not have had the Cruelty to conceal from me a Son, who in the continual Sorrow I was in, would at least have been a Consolation to me. Here, *Geli*, said the *Marquis* giving him one of these unfortunate Letters; see, whilst I sigh'd for ever in my Heart, for the Forgetfulness of your Mother, she regarded me as a Monster, whose very Remembrance was insupportable to her. Behold, what she persuaded herself I had writ to her; judge, if I could ever be capable of so much Ingratitude and Brutality. *Geli*, having receiv'd the Letter,

Letter, read what follows with unequal'd
Surprize.

“ No, *Signora*, no longer depend up-
“ on my Heart. I ought to blush at hav-
“ ing been so long your Dupe. That
“ feign'd Modesty and that Resistance
“ with which you so long opposed my
“ Desires, were then only an Artifice, I
“ find, to engage me to Marriage, and to
“ place to my account a Son whose Fa-
“ ther you would find it a difficulty to
“ name. Too many have shared your
“ Favours for you to be able to say to
“ whom he owes his Birth. You are be-
“ come so despiseable to me, that you
“ must no longer depend upon me. But
“ you may easily comfort yourself for this
“ Loss with the first who presents him-
“ self. Adieu for ever.

The Marquis de Medulphi.

Five or Six other Letters which pre-
ceded and follow'd this, were much in the
same Stile, it was impossible to read any
thing more insulting. *Geli* look'd with
Affliction upon the *Marquis* plunged into
the most dreadful Sorrow. My Lord,
said he to him, the Manner in which you
have discover'd these Letters is extraordi-

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nary .

nary: But cannot you place your Suspicions upon any Person who may have been the Author of so strange a Perfidy? Alas! reply'd the *Marquiss de Medulpbi*, I am lost in Amazement: I know only that the Voice of my dear *Emilia* struck upon my Heart. As to the Author of so black an Action, I know not who to suspect of it; unless it was the *Count de Pluvoni*, who I was inform'd dy'd at *Bologna* some Months ago. He was not ignorant of my Marriage with *Emilia*. Ah! my foreboding must be but too true! He assiduously saw my Wife; he cou'd not prevent himself from loving her; and he has employ'd the basest Practices to banish me from her Heart. And was he Happy by it? No, it was impossible he should be listen'd to by *Emilia*. If she did detest my pretended Infidelity, she could never condescend to love another. I do her justice, though she denied it to me; and I am certain, that after her Heart was pierced by so violent a Sorrow, Time, far from bringing a Remedy to it, only made her sink under the Pain of her Sufferings. Ah! who can let me into the Mystery of this dreadful Event?

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The *Marquiss* and *Geli*, after having lost themselves in their Reasonings upon these deceitful Letters, rose and dress'd themselves. *Medulphi* was walking in the Room lost in Thought, when he approached a Door which he saw had a secret Spring to open it, the same as that of the Writing-Box. He felt an unusual Curiosity, which he could not resist, to see where this Door would lead him. When he had open'd it they enter'd into a small Vestibule, and from thence into a Chamber, which gave *Geli* the greatest Surprize. My Lord, said he to his Father, at my first Journey to *Bologna*, after having left this House and travers'd the whole City, it was into this very Chamber the old Man conducted me; and it was in the Cabinet within that Glass Door, he presented me to my Mother, where I receiv'd her last Embraces. Let us move softly, said the *Marquiss*, I perceive a Light in the Cabinet — Then advancing, they perceived lying upon a Sopha, a Woman who leant her Head upon her Hand, in which there was a Handkerchief that almost cover'd her Face; and observing a Paper by her which seemed to have drop'd out of her Hand as she slept, the *Marquiss* took it up, and bring-

ing it to a Wax-light upon a little Table, he had not read six Lines, when giving a great Cry: Ah! villainous and treacherous *Pluvoni*, cry'd he, why hast thou not a thousand Lives to lose, that I might tear them from thee? — At this Cry the Person who seem'd asleep, awaken'd, and rose up. And both of them casting their Eyes upon her: Just Heaven! cry'd the *Marquiss*, does my Sight deceive me? can it be my dear *Emilia* I see? Ah! 'tis my Mother, added *Geli* throwing himself at her Feet; 'tis she herself! Yes, my dear *Geli*, reply'd she, 'tis the unfortunate *Emilia* who has so long lived in Sorrow. Ah! *Madame*, said the *Marquiss* then shedding a Torrent of Tears, ought you to have condemn'd me without hearing? and since at last by this Letter you was satisfied of my Innocence, why would not you inform me of the Place of your Retreat? My dearest *Marquiss*, said *Emilia* holding out her Hand to him, which he kiss'd with the utmost ardent Tenderness, pardon the Excess of a Despair, which I have been but too cruelly punish'd for. We now see each other again, we meet faithful and passionate; *Geli*, that dear Son, the only Pledge of our Love, is
with

with us; all our Misfortunes are finish'd.
 — Yes, adorable and too cruel *Emilia*,
 return'd *de Medulphi*. But you knew me
 to be in this Place since Yesterday; why
 would you conceal yourself from my
 Sight? why would you delay one Mo-
 ment, a Satisfaction which I would have
 bought at the expence of all my Blood?
 why would you expose me, by the unex-
 pected Sight of your Picture, to the
 Danger of dying with Sorrow for your
 loss? why did you suffer me to believe
 you were no longer in the number of the
 Living? Ah! this Procedure was too bar-
 barous! No, my Lord, said *Emilia* em-
 bracing him with Tenderness, besides
 that I had the utmost Reason to apprehend
 you had forgot me; when I knew your
 Love brought you here, I trembled
 for your Life, if I rais'd you too precipi-
 tately from the most lively Sorrow, to the
 most excessive Joy: inform'd of your ar-
 rival, I wish'd by degrees to prepare you
 for the Sight of me. It was I who through
 an Opening in the Wainscot behind your
 Bed, obliged you by Reproaches I knew
 you did not deserve, to open the Writing-
 Box which contain'd the unworthy Letters
 that had so cruelly irritated me against you.

You have disorder'd the regulation of my Scheme, by opening the Door which leads from this Apartment to the other little one which is occupy'd by the faithful *Gasparo*, an ancient Domestick attach'd to my Mother. Though all has succeeded more happily than I could have projected. But you, my dear *Marquiss*, you who complain of me, have I no Reproaches to make to you? Have I always been present in your Heart, and in your Mind? Ah! *Emilia*, reply'd *de Medulphi*, why will you make me these Reproaches? Given up since your Absence to the most fatal Despair, there are no Searches I have not made in order to find you. But if I had discover'd the Place of your Retreat, would you have listened to my Justification? were not you deceived, did not you imagine yourself insulted in the most sensible manner by this unhappy Wretch, whom a traiterous Friend endeavour'd to banish from your Heart? The first Lines of this Letter confirm his horrid Perfidy; would any thing less than his Confession have undeceiv'd you? I see it was but some few Days before his Death, that he discover'd his Treason to you: without it, would you ever have done me the Justice

I deserv'd? Nay, are you now actually convinced of my Innocence? Yes, my dearest Husband, said *Emilia* to him, yes, I am fully disabused. I ought to have known you better, and to have been sensible you could not behave to any of my Sex, much less to me, in so inhuman a Manner. The Conduct of *Pluvoni* towards me, threw me into a Blindness with regard to you, for which I ought to demand your Forgiveness.

That Traitor, by his Presents, gain'd my Woman: I writ to you, and it was to him she deliver'd my Letters. I receiv'd from him Answers that appear'd to come from you, in which there reign'd at first an Excess of Coolness: My Complaints of it drew upon me severe Returns: The less I was conscious of deserving such Usage, the more sensible I was of it; and the artful Villain whom *Pluvoni* employ'd, knew so well how to counterfeit your Character, that but for this Letter, which discloses to me all the Vileness of his Heart, I should still have believ'd you guilty of the basest and most unworthy Insults to me. You, doubtless remember, my dearest *Medulphi*, the implacable Hatred which

reign'd between the *Savelli*, of whose Family I am, and the *Colonna's*, to whom you owe your Birth. I have no need to recall these Facts to your Memory : But my dear *Geli*, who is ignorant of them, and of the Reasons that made me appear so long to have abandon'd him, ought to be inform'd of them, and to know who his Mother is, and the Artifices which have been made use of to conceal his Birth. My Brother, the last of the House of *Savelli's*, who inherits all the Hatred of his Family against yours, was an insurmountable Obstacle to your Union. My Mother, who lov'd me with excessive Fondness, cou'd not see the Injustice of this Procedure without the highest Concern : She was not ignorant how fruitless her Remonstrances would prove on that Subject ; and as she was sensible of the Tenderness I had for you, and the reciprocal Flame in your Bosom, she was the first to propose a secret Marriage to you. This was executed, during a Voyage which my Brother was obliged to make to the *Indies*. With what Goodness and what Care did she not cause our dear *Geli* to be brought up, to whom we had then
given

given the Name of *Coloni* ! with what Secrecy were not we obliged to conceal from all *Naples* the Birth of this amiable Child, whom we sent to be nurs'd at *Puozzoli*, and how were we constrain'd to hide even from you, my dear Marquis, the Loss of him when he was but three Years old ! This is a Fact that you are, perhaps, still ignorant of, and which I shall now relate to you.

You may remember that it is now about twenty Years since there happened at *Puozzoli* so violent an Earthquake, that all the Inhabitants were in the most dreadful Consternation. The Nurse of your Son was not exempt from this Scourge of Heaven. Almost all the Houses of the Suburb in which she dwelt were thrown down ; and this terrifying Event alarming us with Reason for the Life of the little *Coloni*, after the Wrath of Heaven was something abated, I sent my Woman to enquire after him. Alas ! my dear Marquis, she stabb'd me to the Heart, when she inform'd me that his Nurse had been found crush'd to Death, and that it could not be known where the Child was ; that a Man on Horseback, the next Day after this Mis-

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fortune,

fortune, had been seen to carry off one in his Arms ; which by the Habit there was Reason to suppose was my Son ; but that they could neither describe the Figure of the Man, nor tell the Road he had taken. Penetrated with the deepest Sorrow, I durst not instruct you of so cruel an Accident. *Coloni* was the sole Pledge of our Union ; I trembled lest his Loss should cool your Passion for me : I therefore conceal'd it, in hopes of some time finding him again. I assured you he had escaped in the almost universal Ruin of *Puozzoli* ; one Thing afforded me some Consolation, and made me hope one Day to recover this darling Child ; which was, that some Moments after his Birth the Women caus'd me to observe he had a Mark from Nature behind his Right-Ear, representing a Mulberry. I expected by this to claim him again ; and during the Space of ten Years, *Gaspardo* never ceas'd to make the strictest Enquiries, without the least Prospect of Success. But then the fatal Term of our Rupture coming on, by the black Intelligence between the *Count Pluvoni* and my Woman, I abandon'd the Searches I had so long carried on in vain, I left the

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the Care of this dear Child totally in the Hands of Providence, and I gave my self up entirely to the Sorrow your Perfidy occasion'd. What, said I to myself, that dear *Medulphi*, who came so often *incognito* to *Naples* to see his loved *Emilia*, who brav'd the Death an inhuman Brother would inevitably have given him, if he had discover'd our Marriage; that Husband so tenderly beloved, not only abandons me without the least Shadow of Reason, but grossly insults me, and endeavours by vain Pretexts to annul a Marriage, which doubtless is now become odious to him! Oh! let me bury together my Love and my Confusion, and let him be for ever ignorant of the Fate of *Emilia*, and of his Son!

My Mother and myself were sunk in Despair, and melting into Tears, when *Pluvoni*, the only Confident of our Marriage, and the Friend with whom you usually was when *incognito* at *Naples*, coming upon a friendly Visit, and hearing the Occasion of our Grief, painted your Ingratitude to us in such lively Colours, and appear'd so sincerely to lament your Errors, that he acquired an entire Confidence from us. We consulted

him upon the Resolution we should take. My Brother, who had been a considerable Time return'd from the *Indies*, happening to die suddenly about the same Time, and that setting us at Liberty to leave *Naples*, and retire to what Place we thought proper, he determined us to come and reside at *Bologna*. Fly from this Barbarian, said he, whom I no longer look upon as my Friend, given up to the seducing Charms of an abandon'd Woman; he no longer sees but with her Eyes, and the dreadful Behaviour he has shewn in Regard to you proves but too plainly he is a Man totally lost to all Thoughts of Humanity and Virtue. I have, amongst other Possessions, a very agreeable and commodious House at *Bologna*, which I inherited from an Uncle: Inhabit there, *Madame*, and let the ungrateful *Medulphi* be for ever ignorant of the Place of your Retreat — Alas! we follow'd but too blindly so pernicious an Advice: We dismiss'd all our Domesticks the same Day, excepting my Woman; we dispos'd of all the Effects we had at *Naples*, and retired to *Bologna*, where my Mother assumed the Name of *Eugenia*, and I of *Theodora*. *Plu-*

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*von*i alone knew of our Retreat. He had too great an Interest in concealing it for you ever to learn it from him. We sent for *Gasparo* to *Bologna* to have the Care of our Family, and unwilling to throw off all Hopes of finding *Coloni*, we sent that good old Man twice every Year to *Rome* to endeavour to discover him, but with express Prohibition from enquiring after you. In this Manner, my dear *Marquis*, have I pass'd the ten last Years of my Life; plunged in the deepest Affliction, and finding no Consolation but in the Embraces of the most affectionate of Mothers.

Pluvoni was the only Person we ever saw at *Bologna*, where he usually pass'd two or three Months of the Year at different Times. Press'd by a Remorse that constantly pursues the Wicked, he had not dar'd to mention his Passion to me; and had been for many Years fruitlessly guilty of so enormous a Crime. But, about two Years since, as he was affectionately reproaching me for the melancholy Life I pass'd, he began a Discourse which alarm'd me: Why, *Madame*, said he, will you consume your self with Sorrow for an ungrateful Wretch?

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The brutal Conduct he made use of towards you, breaks all the Ties by which you were united to him. Suffer me to deliver you for ever from this perfidious Husband, and then come to lay at your Feet a Heart wholly different from his ——— Just Heaven, cry'd I in the most excessive Surprize, what have you dar'd to propose to me? Do you know me, *Pluvoni*, and can you presume to speak to me thus? The *Marquis de Medulphi* alone possess'd my Heart; and tho' I detest his Perfidy, and will never hear him mention'd, I love him still, and shall never love any other; I should not hesitate a Moment to give my Life for the Preservation of his. Never speak to me again of a Passion which would oblige me to depart immediately from *Bologna*; and notwithstanding the unworthy Behaviour of your Friend, consider he never offended you; and 'tis inhuman in you to have so much as the Idea of touching his Life.

Pluvoni was in such Confusion at my Answer, that he remain'd for a considerable Time with his Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, without daring to look upon

upon me. How unhappy am I, cry'd he with a distracted Look, and how much are you to be pity'd! From that Moment *Pluvoni* never testify'd his Passion to me any further than by his Eyes. I affected never to perceive it; and this unhappy Wretch was so struck with my Indifference, that from that Time he visibly declined. At length tormented by Remorse for so base a Deceit, from which he had found no Return, he sunk under his Despair. In the last Journey he took hither he was seiz'd with so violent a Fever, that the Physicians having declar'd he must think only of Eternity, he made his Will in the most authentick Manner, and nominated me his sole Heir. After his Death, which happen'd in a few Days, his Will was open'd. There was found inclos'd in it a Letter seal'd up (which is that you hold) in which he instructed me not only in the Treason he had committed with regard to you, and of which he gave me the Detail; but he also inform'd me, that having been at *Puozzoli*, the next Day after the Earthquake I mention'd, he saw my Son: That making use of the general Consternation,

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he carry'd him off, at first with a Design of putting him in a Place of Safety, but afterwards imagining he might, perhaps, be an Obstacle to his Designs, he resolv'd to suppress him for ever, by sending him to *Rome*: That he caus'd him to be deliver'd there into the Hands of a Widow named *Herpini*, with a Contract of a hundred *Roman* Crowns, which he had placed in the *Monte de Pietà*, for the Use of the Child, to whom he had given the Name of *Geli*; and that he was the *Geli*, who was now esteem'd the brightest Genius in *Rome*.

Judge of my Despair, my dear *Medulphi*, when I found you were not the Author of those insulting Letters, and recall'd to my Memory the Manner in which I had behav'd towards you. I should have expir'd with Grief at the reading of this fatal Letter, if it had not been alleviated by the Joy of finding again a Son, who had acquir'd so shining a Reputation at so tender an Age. The Struggle I had to support was so violent, it threw me into a dangerous Illness; and the Condition I fell into made my Life be despair'd of. In this Situation my Mother writ to *Geli*; and sent him

him 200 *Ducatts* for the Expences of his Journey. He came according to his Instructions, to the House of *Gasparo*. That faithful old Man, who could have shorten'd his Way, by taking him thro' the *Corridor*, made him in the Night take a long Tour thro' the City, and introduc'd him into this Apartment thorough the Door upon the Ramparts. He appear'd before me. I was so affected by the Sight of this darling Son, that I had scarce Strength to inform him he ow'd his Life to you. I deliver'd into his Hands the Proofs of his Birth. I could not support the Tears he shed when he saw me so near the Verge of Life: The Tendernefs of his Expressions mov'd me to that Degree, I fainted away. They suppos'd me dead: He himself was so perswaded of it, he was near expiring by my Side. They took him up without his knowing it, and carry'd him into the Chamber where you was first receiv'd by *Gasparo*. Whilst they were employ'd in bringing him to himself again, I gave some Signs of Life, and at length I reviv'd intirely. I enquir'd for *Geli*. They inform'd me of his Situation. I order'd *Gasparo* to
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put into his Hands some Jewels I had of considerable Value, and to tell him my last Commands were, he should immediately make himself known to you for your Son. My Design in this was, if you had forgot me, to conceal my Despair for ever from you; and if I was still in your Remembrance, I imagin'd you would soon return with *Geli*, to know from *Gasparo* the Occasion of my Flight and Silence, and of the Obscurity which you must suppose I had endeavour'd to throw over the Fate of that dear Son. I was not mistaken in my Opinion. Your Conduct has perswaded me that you still love *Emilia*. She adores you; and she presumes to flatter herself, that nothing now obliging you to keep your Marriage secret, you will openly declare she is your Wife, and *Geli* your Son.

Ah! doubt not of it, cry'd the *Marquis* eagerly; haste to *Rome*, my dear *Emilia*: there I will render to your Beauty, Virtue and Fidelity, Proof against the most cruel Events, all the Justice that they deserve; and acknowledge you openly as *Madame de Medulphi*. But, by the Recital you have made,

made, I judge the *Marchioness Savelli*, your Mother, to be still living: Do not delay the extreme Pleasure I should feel to embrace her, and to present our dearest *Geli* to her — Let us go then to her Apartment, said *Emilia*: She is in the highest Expectations, she knows of your Arrival here, and your Presence will compleat her Satisfaction.

Then repairing to the Apartment of *Madame Savelli*, she could express the Excess of her Joy only by Tears, and repeated Embraces. *Emilia* inform'd her in what Manner she had been surpriz'd by *Medulphi*, when she least expected it; and after having pass'd four Days at *Bologna* in a Situation of Happiness beyond Expression, they are now arriv'd at *Rome*. The *Marquis* has declared his Marriage, with the universal Approbation of all whose Esteem deserves Regard: *Geli* acknowledg'd as his Son, with universal Joy, has obtain'd of him that he should demand me of my Mother; she has granted me to his Wishes with the highest Satisfaction. And now, my dear Sister, said *Julia*, finishing her Relation, we are drawing near the happy Moment of our Union:

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it is only deferr'd by the magnificent Preparations that the *Marquis de Medulphi* designs for the Solemnity.

At length the Marriage of my Sister and *Geli* was celebrated to their mutual Satisfaction, pursued *Madame Dorini*. I was charm'd with their Happiness, but comparing their Situation with mine; Alas! said I to myself, what a Difference between my Fate and *Julia's*! she is now happy with what she loves, *Geli* is her Companion for Life, their mutual Transport is beyond Expression; whilst I, oppress'd with Sorrow, tremble at having been deliver'd up to a Wretch, who, perhaps, waits only for the Termination of the Year to sacrifice me to his Fury. ——— I abandon'd myself to these dreadful Reflexions, when I heard somebody knock at the Door of my Chamber. My *Governess* (who is the Person that arriv'd with me at *Marseilles*) went to open it. But, good Heaven! what became of me, when I saw before me the perfidious *Dorini* with his Sword drawn, accompany'd by four Villains, who by his Command seiz'd upon me! I would have shriek'd aloud: but they stopp'd our Mouths with Handkerchiefs;

chiefs ; ty'd our Hands behind us ; and without a Possibility of our receiving any Succour, we were carry'd off from the Convent, by the Connivance of a wretched Lay-Sister, whom *Dorini* had gain'd by considerable Bribes ; and put into a Coach and Six, which went on without Stop, by Relays plac'd at every two Leagues Distance.

I do not believe that ever any Creature was seiz'd with a more violent Despair than I then underwent. Notwithstanding the ardent Prayers I breath'd to Heaven, we arriv'd at length at *Civita Vecchia*. During the Night we were transported into a Vessel in the Port ; we were plac'd in the Captain's Chamber, and some few Hours after they set Sail.

Dorini, now, no longer dreading my just Anger, but willing to avoid my first Reproaches, left me the Remainder of the Night at liberty to deplore my Misfortunes. I exhaled my Grief in the bitterest Exclamations. But the next Day the Villain entering my Chamber with a Design, as I imagin'd, of usurping the Rights he pretended to have over me ; I no sooner heard him order
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the Governess to retire, than I made the Vessel resound with the most piercing Cries. All the Equipage, and the Captain himself came to my Assistance. Oh! Gentlemen! save me! cry'd I bursting into Tears, and throwing myself at their Feet; save me from the Horrors that are prepar'd for me by a Monster, who calls himself my Husband. He has made use of the most enormous Crimes to obtain that Title, against which I protest. In the Name of Heaven, do not abandon me to his brutal Fury. — The Captain surpriz'd, and affected by my Tears, rais'd me up; hearkening, notwithstanding the Remonstrances of *Dorini*, to the Recital of my Misfortunes; and incens'd at his Conduct to me, he could not hear without Horror the vile Attempt he had made upon the Life of *Geli*, and his making use of Poison to destroy his Uncle, and my Brother, upon the very Day on which I had been forced to give him my Hand. If I was your Judge, said he with an Accent that made him tremble, I would soon force you to expiate, by the most cruel Torments, such dreadful Crimes. As Providence is always just, your Punishment,

ment, doubtless, will not be long do-
 ferr'd. As to this Lady, who protests
 with so much Justice against your Vio-
 lences, I forbid you to enter her Cham-
 ber during the whole Passage; and if
 you are insolent enough to give her the
 least Disturbance, I declare to you in
 Presence of all the Officers of the Ship,
 I will hang you up at the Yard-Arm.
 When we arrive at *Marseilles*, we shall
 know what Method is proper to be us'd
 with you; and, as such horrid Actions
 are no more approv'd of there than in
Italy, your Differences with this Lady
 will soon be regulated. In the mean
 time, reflect upon what I have enjoin'd
 you.——*Dorini* distracted with Rage,
 and finding himself regarded with Hor-
 ror by the whole Equipage, retired
 without making any Reply. I saw him
 no more during the whole Voyage: and,
 as the worthy Man who commanded
 the Ship, and all the Officers had pro-
 mis'd, upon our Arrival at *Marseilles*,
 to escort me to whatever Convent I
 chose to retire to, they accompany'd me
 on the Port, and had plac'd me in the
 midst of them; when the *Count de*
Grigni, who perceiv'd that I was ill,
 catch'd

catch'd me in his Arms, at the very Moment that I was falling into a Swoon. You are not ignorant of the Consequences of this Event, which has procur'd me the Honour of your Friendship ; which ought to be the more valuable to me, as the Succour I receiv'd from the Count was so near proving fatal to him. But, Thanks to the Goodness of Heaven, he is now out of Danger ; and I cannot express too much Gratitude to him, and to his amiable Family.

We were all extremely touch'd with the History of the *Marchioness Dorini*. My Brother in particular express'd so lively a Sense of her Afflictions, that she cou'd not prevent herself from discovering the Satisfaction she felt at it. This beauteous Widow, who had writ to *Rome* to inform her Family in what Manner she had been forced away, the Death of *Dorini*, the Reception I had given her, and the Inclination she felt for my Brother, was agreeably surpriz'd, instead of the Letter she expected from her Mother, to see her arrive with the *Marquis de Medulphi, Geli*, and his charming Wife. 'Tis impossible to conceive

ceive the Joy she express'd at this Sight. The *Count de Corberon*, who would not permit them to reside in any House but his, entertain'd them there with all possible Magnificence ; and *De Grigni*, thoroughly recover'd of his Wound, easily obtain'd their Consent to marry the beautiful Widow.

We were now, *Madame*, all happily establish'd in Life, and each suitably to their Inclinations. My Father, who had inherited immense Riches from *Azem*, which he shared almost equally amongst us, at length finish'd his Course, almost at the same time as my Mother, in a good Old-Age, both universally regretted in *Marseilles*, and particularly by the Poor, to whom they were liberal and constant Benefactors. I also lost *Mr. De la Pastriere*, after having liv'd five and thirty Years in the most perfect Union with him. It is needless to tell you I deeply lamented the Death of my Father and Mother ; and that the Loss of my Husband was a Stroke I shall never recover. As the two Children I had by him dy'd in their Infancy, and my Brothers had each of them three Sons, I made a Donation to them of

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my whole Estate, excepting a Pension of Twelve Thousand *Livres*, which I reserv'd to myself, and I retired into the Convent of the *Ursulines* at *Marseilles*. The two Wives of *Azem*, who had quitted the *Mahometan* Law, and taken the Veil, were still living. It was there, *Madame*, that, secluded from the Tumult of the World, in the Company of these two pious Women, edify'd by the good Examples I had constantly before my Eyes, I liv'd in Retirement and Meditation, wholly occupy'd with the Care of Religion. I hoped there to have peaceably terminated the Course of my Life; but Heaven has otherwise dispos'd of my Fate. You are not ignorant of the important Affairs which drew me to *Paris*. The habitual Infirmities that now detain me there, entirely deprive me of all Hopes of returning into the Bosom of my Family, and finishing my Days, as I had wish'd, in the Repose of a Cloister. But Providence, all-righteous and all-wise, judges better for us than we can do for ourselves, to whose Decrees I shall always submit with Thankfulness and Resignation.

The E N D.



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